

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE. AND ART.

No. 1,104, Vol. 42.

December 23, 1876.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

PROSPECTS OF THE CONFERENCE.

THE Cabinet Council on Monday last may probably have determined on the final instructions to be given to Lord SALISBURY for his guidance at the formal Conference. He must by that time have informed the Government of the real or apparent intentions of the different Powers, and especially of Russia. The opinions which he may himself have formed will not fail to receive due attention, but no plenipotentiary or single Minister can adopt, without the approval of his colleagues, decisions on vital questions. It is known from official statements in contradiction of Mr. GLADSTONE'S wild and unjustifiable assertion, that there has thus far been no division of opinion in the Cabinet, although it is possible that Lord BEACONSFIELD may hold that Lord DEEBY has applied himself through the whole negotiation to the maintenance of peace, if not with too exclusive a devotion, at least too candidly and too openly. Two questions of vital importance must have been principally considered by the assembled Ministers. It was necessary to define the extreme limit of concession to be made to Russia, and also to determine how far the resolutions of the Conference should, in case of agreement among the Powers, be pressed upon Turkey. It is not known whether the Porte has spoken its last word in the declaration that no foreign troops would in any case be allowed to occupy the provinces. It may be regarded as certain that a Russian occupation would be peremptorily rejected, even if it were possible that England should concur with the other Powers in supporting the original Russian scheme. A joint occupation would be less obnoxious to the Turks for many reasons, and especially because only one of the European Governments is an avowed and implacable enemy. It would also be certain that other Powers than Russia would withdraw their contingents as soon as their mission was accomplished. The alternative of an occupation by the troops of a minor and neutral State might have seemed not worth considering, because Belgium or Switzerland could have no motive for such a sacrifice; but, if it is true that the plan is seriously considered, the disposition of the Belgian Government has probably been sounded beforehand. If the plan of joint occupation is adopted, the English Government will be required to bear its proportion of the burden. The theory of non-intervention which was not long since universally preached, and which has now been tacitly repudiated, had the advantage of comparative cheapness. That some military force will be required to ensure the practical adoption of the proposed reforms may readily be admitted. By far the best plan which could be adopted for the benefit of the provinces would be that which has been lately suggested, by which Turkish troops would be employed under English civil and military officers of Indian experience; but even disinterested foreigners cannot be expected to appreciate the peculiar qualifications of the soldiers and statesmen who have spent their lives in governing alien races. The Russian Government would naturally regard any scheme of the kind as inadmissible, if only because it would probably abate the grievances which furnish a chronic excuse for Russian interference. At the time when the Sultan ABDUL AZIZ was wholly subject to Russian influence, there is reason to believe that he was never advised to correct existing abuses. It is even asserted that General IGNATIEFF lately objected to a Turkish Constitu-

tion on the ground that it might cause jealousy among the Mussulman subjects of Russia.

If the Porte rejects the measures which the Conference may probably agree to propose, the European Governments will not be greatly moved by arguments deduced from the alleged danger of Mahometan fanaticism. It is impossible to form more than a conjectural estimate of the force of the religious enthusiasm to which, in the event of war, the Turkish Government will necessarily appeal. English agitators have done their utmost, by attacking the religion of the Turks, to furnish excuses for retaliatory violence. Mr. GLADSTONE in his first pamphlet justified his project for expelling the Turks from Europe by a denunciation of their religion. When he afterwards confined his project of extermination to the official class, he forgot that the evil tendencies of the religion which he condemned were not limited to civil and military functionaries. The sympathy of non-Turkish Mahometans with their co-religionists has not hitherto been active, and perhaps it has not existed; but, when Mr. BRIGHT preaches a crusade, it is not surprising that Mahometans in India should resent the injuries which are threatened to the most dignified potentate of their communion. It may be admitted, on the respectable authority of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, that the SULTAN is not a Caliph; but his canonical attributes may perhaps, under the influence of religious and warlike excitement, develop as rapidly as the spiritual claims of the contemporary Pontiff at Rome. Two or three years ago a military sovereign on the confines of China accepted a title of honour from the SULTAN, to whom he had previously sent an embassy to ask for his protection. Throughout Central Asia the Russians, who now threaten the Turkish Empire with destruction, are known as the enemies of all Mahometan races. On the whole, it seems probable that the movement in India is partially factitious, but that it may hereafter become serious. In the meantime it will receive no encouragement from the Indian Government. The Mahometans are by nature warlike and turbulent; and as they have no means of reaching the Russian enemies of their faith, they are much more likely to give trouble to their own rulers than to give any assistance to the SULTAN. Insults to their creed by English agitators, whether lay or clerical, may provoke dangerous resentment.

Rumours from Constantinople which have any appearance of probability are received with eager interest; but Russian news, if only it could be trusted, would be far more worthy of attention. The military preparations which have been already made must have cost vast sums of money, and, except so far as the armaments may serve the purpose of intimidation, it might seem improbable that the expense should have been incurred unless the Government had absolutely resolved on war. If a rupture has been predetermined, the intervention of Russia in the Conference must be intended either to gain time or to provide a plausible pretext for war. Even if the controversy ends without a resort to arms, it will not be certain that the large army under command of the Grand Duke NICHOLAS was not originally organized for the purpose of an immediate invasion of Turkey. It is now said that public opinion, which in Russia faithfully reflects the intentions of the Government, has for the first time inclined to peace. The EMPEROR and his advisers may perhaps have discovered that the enthusiasm which was officially stimulated and

recorded was in great measure factitious; and there are other motives which may have produced a reaction in favour of peaceful counsels. The resolute attitude of the Turkish Government may have caused Russian generals to acquire more accurate information of the resistance with which they must be prepared to deal. It is uncertain whether the Russian army of invasion is strong enough to mask the Danubian fortresses, or to besiege any of them and at the same time to march into the interior. In an internecine war the Russians must inevitably win, by the employment of greater numbers and of ampler resources; but they may have begun to doubt the result of a first campaign. A still more potent argument for moderation may have been furnished by Prince BISMARCK'S recent speeches. His intimation that Austria would in case of need be supported by Germany greatly outweighs all his courteous professions of friendship to Russia. Even when he approved by anticipation of a Russian occupation of Bulgaria, he took care to append a condition in the form of an expression of confidence that the occupation would be only temporary. It may be safely assumed that Russia, if it had the choice, would decline an occupation which could in no contingency be converted into a conquest. No reasonable politician outside St. James's Hall believes that the Russians have made great preparations for war through single-minded devotion to the interests of the Slavonic or Christian subjects of Turkey. It would not be worth while to run the risk of invading Bulgaria if it were known that Austria commanded the communications of the army, and that any attempt to dismember Austria would be resisted by Germany. The rumours of pacific inclinations in Russia are therefore so far credible that they may coincide with an intelligible policy; yet it would be rash to rely implicitly on accounts which may be circulated for purposes of deception. The fall of RUSHDI PASHA and the elevation of MIDHAT to the rank of Grand Vizier may have consequences which cannot be justly appreciated at present. The new GRAND VIZIER was the chief agent in the dethronement of ABDUL AZIZ, who was at the moment meditating an act of treason to his country under the influence of General IGNATIEFF, who had long directed his policy. In Turkey, as in Poland, Russia has always discouraged reforms, because they might throw impediments in the way of annexation. MIDHAT PASHA has not despaired of the regeneration of his country, and he is therefore obnoxious to the Russian AMBASSADOR, who communicates his wishes to English readers through a sympathetic newspaper Correspondent.

THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WHEN Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE recently wished to convey to his friends in Devonshire his estimate of the nature of the duties which his new position as leader of the House of Commons will throw upon him, he used the popular illustration of the duties of a master of hounds. Just as a master has to be at once courteous and firm, to keep the field in good humour, and show it good sport, to smile when a smile is all that is wanted, and to use short and sharp language when a rebuke is to be given; so a leader of the House of Commons has to preserve order, to cheer supporters, to face opponents, and to push forward business. No illustration could have better expressed one part of the duties of a leader of the House, and there is no part of those duties which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is better qualified to perform. He has always been conciliatory; and yet he has debated with Mr. GLADSTONE on finance and not been worsted. He is always moderate, sensible, and just; and it is impossible for an opponent to dislike him. And yet, if we let our memory wander over the last fifty years, it would be difficult to call to mind any leader of the House to whom Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S illustration seems appropriate, except Lord ALTHORP. Lord RUSSELL, Sir ROBERT PEEL, Lord PALMERSTON, Lord BEACONSFIELD, and Mr. GLADSTONE have not led the House by virtue of any close resemblance to a good master of hounds. They led because they were the inevitable leaders, commanding their followers by distancing them, and being obeyed because they had stamped the sense of their superiority on the minds of their hearers. They have all in different ways been great Ministers, and have been listened to because they could speak as others could not speak, and had done things which others could

not rival. No compliment could have been at once more just or more striking than that paid to Mr. DISRAELI just before he left the House, that he always raised the tone of debate. Men seemed to rise into a higher atmosphere when he interfered in debate; and what was said of him might be said of his eminent predecessors. In the latter days of his long career, and in the enjoyment of quiet times and assured success, Lord PALMERSTON managed the House in a way to which the management of a good master of hounds was not an inappropriate parallel. But there was always present the recollection that he was Lord PALMERSTON, and that there had been a day when his name had been feared, hated, or loved, from one end of Europe to the other. Perhaps, if the parallel is nevertheless closest in the case of Lord PALMERSTON, it is most inapt in the case of Mr. GLADSTONE. No leader could possibly have been less like a master of hounds. He scarcely knew one of his hounds from another, and used to ride over all with an impartial impetuosity. He may be much more aptly likened to a boy who gets to the top of his class because no competitor can come near him. In a time of enthusiasm he outshone all enthusiasts, and in a time of change, when the details of change had to be calculated, he eclipsed all calculators. A leader who led as Lord ALTHORP led, or who aspires to lead as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE aspires, may do an equal or a greater amount of good; the qualities he displays may be sound, sensible, and creditable; but there is a glory which seems to vanish from Parliament when the title to leadership is no longer that of marked superiority, and when it merely happens that, among many sensible men, one of the most sensible is picked out to take the chief place.

There is, however, some reason to believe that the type of leader represented by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S parallel will henceforth be not so much the exception as the rule. Men of native eminence will of course be born, and some of them will force their way into Parliament. While close boroughs existed, there were more assured openings than at present for young men of marked promise and ability. It was a great gain to such men to have a safe seat provided and kept for them. They could be sure of the inestimable advantage of a long Parliamentary training. But still, even as things are, men whose superiority is unquestionable can get into Parliament, and stay there. No one has been a greater wanderer than Mr. GLADSTONE, and no one has met with stranger misadventures in elections; but still for more than forty years Westminster has always found him punctually returned. Every member of the present Cabinet has a seat as safe as a rock; and if the SOLICITOR-GENERAL is still without a seat, it may be observed that he labours under the combined disadvantages of having none but professional eminence, of being a minor official, and of being a lawyer. But, if it cannot be said that there is any positive bar to the rise of men of eminence, it may also be said that there is less demand for them. This is not because the House has become more mediocre, but because it has become more business-like. In every department of life the spread of education tends to make men more inclined to take part in some kind of business, and more equal among themselves in the aptitude they display. The number of those in the House of Commons who are entitled by previous study to offer an opinion is continually on the increase. Members do not come to the consideration of an important subject as patient listeners who wait to hear what a few clever and well-instructed men have to tell them, but as critics and judges of a discussion with the details of which they are well acquainted. The guidance they want is not so much that of one who, in Mr. CARLYLE'S language, is a king of men, as that of an adroit, firm, and impartial chairman. The times too at present are quiet times, and the questions that are moved in quiet times are not such as to make ordinary men feel that they are beyond their grasp. Two of the principal subjects, for example, with which the Government is pledged to deal are the reform of prisons and the institution of public prosecutors. Few members would own themselves inadequate to discuss the cost of gaols or the expediency of providing against criminals escaping because prosecutions are abandoned. The House of Commons is perfectly competent to discuss such questions, but so are the magistrates who assemble at Quarter Sessions. What is wanted in the leader of the House when such questions are discussed is that, like a good Chairman of Quarter Sessions, he should be conspicuously fair and moderate, and, while listening to everybody, should push

business on. A better leader for the purpose than Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE could scarcely be found.

The spread of education and the consequent equality of the mass of educated men must prove a permanent cause of change in the temper and character of the House of Commons. As a general rule, there must be a disposition to follow the leader of the House, not on account of his eminence, but because he is a good manager, and because to follow him is the only way to get work done. But we cannot expect the times to be always quiet. Some day questions more burning than the treatment of convicts and the conduct of criminal trials will be agitated. Without being able to specify what they will be, we may confidently draw from the past history of England the deduction that they will come. When they do come the leader of the House will have to display far other qualities than those of a master of hounds. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's modest estimate of his own qualifications must not be too rigorously accepted; and it is impossible to say, and unfair to assume, that, if a great occasion presents itself, he will not rise to it. But he must be conscious that, if he has to rise to a great occasion, he will have to present himself in a very different aspect from that of a jovial person guiding a well-bred pack over a familiar country. The necessity for statesmanship cannot be for ever cut out of the life of a statesman. But, although burning questions may and must arise, it may be true that, with temporary exceptions, they will be discussed and settled with increasing moderation. For moderation is the inevitable consequence of knowledge; and, as the world grows more complicated, men know that they have more and more to know. With a larger number of competent critics there will be a firmer grasp of remote issues, and a nicer apprehension of latent difficulties. The Eastern question, for instance, has recently threatened to be as burning a question as could be imagined. Rashness of speech on the one side, and blind enthusiasm on the other, have stirred the passions and moved the hearts of men. But as time has gone on, the general public has come to see that the great thing is not to declaim about the Eastern question, but to try to understand it. Thus in this way again there is assured a larger sphere and a more important place for leaders of that unassuming type which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, perhaps with the humility of discretion, proclaimed to be his ideal. The voice that says "Wait and learn" is not the voice of one crying in the wilderness, but it is a voice that appeals powerfully to the modern world. That the appeal shall be strongly made and strongly felt is in these days a main condition of national safety and well-being; and it is satisfactory that one of the voices which will utter the cry to wait and learn with the greatest earnestness and force will be that of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE new French Ministry finds itself met at starting by two serious difficulties. Its supporters in the Chamber of Deputies demand sweeping changes in the composition of the permanent administration. They say, and say with some reason, that in France it is not enough for the chiefs of the departments to be good Republicans. The Minister of the Interior or the Minister of Justice is but a name to the great majority of Frenchmen. The real embodiment of the supreme authority is the prefect, the sub-prefect, or some subordinate member of the official hierarchy. To the peasants or to the inhabitants of a country town the local representative of the Government is the Government. If he is a good Republican, they understand that the Government is Republican. If he is known to be a Royalist or an Imperialist, the Government is credited with an unexpressed, but not unfelt, preference pointing the same way. It is of no use to tell these simple country folk that M. JULES SIMON is now Prime Minister. They accept the fact, but they interpret it by another fact which comes much more home to them. The familiar face which conveyed to them the orders of the Duke of BROGLIE or of M. BUFFET conveys the orders of M. JULES SIMON; and, so long as the channel remains the same, they will not believe that the ideas which pass through it can be materially different. This is the Republican plea for urging a thorough reconstruction of the staff which represents the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Justice in every part of

France. They were placed there for their own purposes by men who hated the Republic, and wished, if possible, to prevent its becoming the established Government of France. These men knew their own minds and their own instruments, and a Republican Cabinet ought to be equally well instructed upon both points. It is impossible that an official whom the Duke of BROGLIE picked out as the proper exponent of reactionary ideas should be an equally proper exponent of Liberal ideas. Either the DUKE made a mistake in appointing him or M. JULES SIMON will make a mistake in retaining him. Experience has shown that it is not the DUKE who blundered, and, as soon as this is admitted, M. SIMON's course becomes plain.

The force of this reasoning may be admitted until such time as the other side has been heard. It happens that this other side is able at this moment to point to a case in which the disastrous results of the very system which the Left wish to introduce into France have been shown with remarkable clearness. In the late election of a President of the United States the influence of the Administration has been used in behalf of the Republican candidate in a manner which is described by Republicans themselves as singularly shameless. The reason why it has been able to make this influence so universally felt is that there are some 80,000 or 90,000 voters who hold office under the Republican Government, and will cease to hold office under a Democratic Government. To this huge army of place-men, taken from all ranks of society, the success of the Democratic candidate meant the loss of subsistence. It is no wonder, therefore, that they worked so hard to return Mr. HAYES. Each man felt that he was working for no mere barren triumph of a party or a principle. He was fighting for his career, for his opportunities of making a fortune, for his ability to find food and clothing for his wife and children. It may be said that such a force as this constitutes a most valuable political engine, and that, as it is now in their power to create it and to set it going for their own benefit, the French Republicans would be fools to let the opportunity slip. To this argument, however, there are two answers. In the first place, the ordinary effect of this system of dividing the spoils afresh after every change of Ministry is not likely in the end to serve the Republican purpose. When the popular forces at work in an election are very strong, no league of office-holders can do much to resist them. But when, as in the United States at this moment, parties are pretty equally balanced, the office-holders may often be able to turn the election. The probability is that, on the balance of many contests, the office-holders will more often be arrayed on the Conservative than on the popular side. Consequently, the French Republicans are preparing for their present use a weapon which is certain to be turned against them hereafter, and is likely in the long run to do them much more harm than good. In the next place, these officials are not put out of the world by the act of dismissal. They remain in their several districts to be centres of discontent and disaffection, merciless critics of their successors' mistakes, and convenient spies for those who wish to know the local grievances which can best be turned to political account. And by political account it must be remembered is meant in this particular case, not the account of a rival party, but the account of a rival form of government. The discontent of so many dispossessed Conservatives or Liberals would be a trifling matter in comparison with the discontent of so many dispossessed Imperialists or Royalists. If the Republic had no competitor, it might be urged that the increased intensity of party warfare which will probably be caused by the wholesale dismissal of officials will do no great mischief, and that in France the difficulty is rather to induce people to take enough interest in politics than to prevent them from taking too much. But it is not desirable to quicken the eagerness of the partisans of the dispossessed dynasties to bring about a restoration. And we know of no process which is more certain to quicken it than to make them feel that their one chance of being again employed by the State lies in bringing about a revolution.

This is the difficulty which is being prepared for the Ministry by their own supporters. Their opponents in the Senate have got ready a second. The Chamber of Deputies has made considerable reductions in the ecclesiastical Budget, and among these are certain suppressions of grants which amount, in the contention of the Right, to the abolition of a law by a side wind. The Senate has restored

several of these omitted items, and the ecclesiastical Budget will come back to the Chamber of Deputies in a form which more nearly resembles that in which it was originally framed by the late Government than that into which it was cast by the Budget Committee. It is not to be supposed that the majority, after overthrowing a Ministry on this very question, will consent to be deprived of the immediate fruits of its victory. The votes restored by the Senate will be struck out, and the Budget sent back to be accepted or rejected. The Senate has the power to refuse to pass the Budget unless this or that change is made in it. The Chamber of Deputies has an exclusive right to originate money Bills, but it cannot make them law without the consent of the Senate. If that is withheld, they fall to the ground like ordinary Bills. There are two parties in the Senate animated not so much with opposite feelings as to the merits of the particular votes in question, as with opposite ideas as to the relations which it is desirable should exist between the two Chambers. The Left and the Centres wish to keep the Constitution at work, and they are consequently anxious that that there should be as few hitches as possible at first starting. Some of them have no objection to put on record their opinion of the reductions made by the Chamber of Deputies, and they have joined with the Right in replacing the original estimates. But they have no desire to carry the controversy farther. When the Chamber of Deputies has again struck out or reduced the votes, they will be prepared to yield the point. It will then be plain that it cannot be carried in the end, and nothing, they think, but mischief can result from withholding the supplies from the Government, and challenging the Chamber of Deputies to a struggle about privilege. The Right, on the other hand, care much less about the particular figures which have been replaced than about the occasion which their restoration presents of bringing things to a dead-lock. They think that, if they can succeed in committing the Senate to an open quarrel with the Chamber of Deputies, they will exhibit the new Constitution with all its machinery out of order before it has been a year at work. Of what use, they will then ask, is a Senate which is not allowed to give effect to its opinions in a single important particular? The Chamber of Deputies has framed the Budget to suit itself, and the great majority of the figures contained in it have been accepted by the Senate without alteration. In some half-dozen items it has ventured to make a change, and the Chamber of Deputies at once asserts that its rights have been infringed, and that the Senate has no business to do more than register the decisions arrived at by those who, as representatives chosen by universal suffrage, ought to have the exclusive control of the public purse. The object of the Right is to make any harmonious action between the two Chambers impossible, and thus to force the MARSHAL to appeal to the country to judge between the two Chambers. They are reckless enough to push matters to this extreme, and the only hope of escaping it lies in the uncertainty which must attend the decision of so equally balanced an assembly.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S MESSAGE.

THE PRESIDENT'S Message as reported in full is much more interesting than the telegraphic summary. The greater part of it consists of a personal apology for a long administration. With an almost touching simplicity General GRANT reminds his countrymen that he knew little or nothing of politics before he was called to the supreme management of affairs. He adds that, after the end of his term, he shall probably have no further concern with public business, except that he will share the wishes of his private fellow-citizens for the good government and prosperity of the Union. Like the sparrow of the story in the hall of the heathen king, the PRESIDENT will have passed from the outer darkness through the lighted space, and back into the night from which he came. There is a certain sadness in the return to obscurity after a conspicuous career; but General GRANT perhaps takes too sombre a view of his own fortune and prospects. He is not indeed likely to be known hereafter as a legislator or civil administrator, although he may not improbably be elected to the Senate, like Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, or to the House of Representatives, like Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS; but as the doubtful success of his Presidency becomes gradually forgotten, his great military services will perhaps be more fully recognized.

General GRANT would almost certainly resume the chief command of the army if a vacancy were created by the retirement or disability of General SHERMAN. He would also be employed on active service in preference to any competitor, though there is happily little chance that the United States will be engaged in a war of large dimensions. The outgoing PRESIDENT is still in the full vigour of his age; and he may reasonably hope to have a part of his career still before him. The tone of his parting address to Congress forms a sufficient comment on the absurd affectation on the part of some of his opponents of a suspicion that he meditated the part of a military usurper. There is no reason to doubt that General GRANT hoped at one time for a second re-election; but even if he had resented the disappointment which ensued, he would have had no choice but to submit. The dangers of the Union are not that the country will fall under the despotism of an adventurer.

In the Message the PRESIDENT takes the last opportunity of displaying his confused and imperfect apprehension of economical subjects. It is more surprising that some English writers have quoted without protest his complacent boast that the balance of trade, or, in other words, the excess of exports over imports, has become more favourable to America. The country indeed thrives notwithstanding the temporary stagnation of trade, but no prosperous community has at any time owed less to the wisdom of its commercial legislation. It has practically mattered nothing that the PRESIDENT held sound opinions on currency, and that he was deluded by the most vulgar fallacies in reference to the protection of industry. He has not been responsible for the proceedings or for the inaction of the Legislature, which has taken little notice of his official lucubrations. A large amount of debt has been paid off during his term of administration by the simple process of levying a revenue in excess of the expenditure. At the same time wealth and population have constantly increased; and the public credit has survived the folly and dishonesty of charlatans in both political parties. The entire Message confirms the general impression which has been produced by the PRESIDENT'S administrative conduct. Neither delicate nor scrupulous in his official morality, he has not deliberately preferred his own interest to the public welfare. He found jobbery and dishonesty prevalent in all departments of administration; and he thought it easier to acquiesce in established customs than to exert himself in the cause of reform. Some of his Ministers have been honest and upright, while others have been notoriously corrupt; and the PRESIDENT seems to have been impartially content to be served by either class. It was at least unlucky that, in the course of two or three months, the PRESIDENT'S Private Secretary should have been tried for fraud before a jury, and that the SECRETARY OF WAR should have been impeached for peculation, of which he was undoubtedly guilty.

With an amusing egotism the PRESIDENT recalls the attention of Congress and the country to an abortive proposal of his own which had long since been utterly forgotten. In his first tenure of office he made many attempts to obtain the sanction of Congress to the annexation of San Domingo; and though the suggestion was almost unanimously rejected, he still contends that he was in the right. For the people of the United States the question now possesses no kind of importance, since the project is not likely to be revived during the present generation; but General GRANT is anxious to prove that a former Senate was mistaken, although its conclusion altogether coincided with public opinion. He is still impressed with the material capabilities of the island, which is similar to Cuba in climate and in soil; and he believes, as he believed six years ago, that tropical products become doubly valuable when the land on which they are raised is under the dominion of the community of consumers. As he pathetically complains, imports from Cuba are brought from a foreign colony, while the same commodities might have been produced by domestic labour, if only San Domingo had become an American possession. It has not occurred to the PRESIDENT that purchasers of sugar or cotton must pay for what they require, whether they buy from their own countrymen or from strangers. The refusal of the American people to adopt General GRANT'S proposal does credit to their moderation and judgment. The island of which San Domingo forms part is inhabited at one end by Spanish mulattoes, and at the other by the descendants of

French negro slaves. Both classes of natives are in a state of semi-barbarism; and Hayti is ravaged, like several of the South American States, by incessant civil wars. If anything is exported from the island American traders are at liberty to buy it, while the Government of the United States is not charged with the maintenance of order. The American Constitution has thus far included no provision for the government of colonies; and every new territory necessarily becomes an integral part of the Union. The emancipated negroes of the South cause sufficient embarrassment, without the admission of hordes of alien barbarians to the privileges of citizenship. Only a few years ago the Spanish Government, then controlled by Marshal O'DONNELL, anticipated General GRANT's policy by taking possession of San Domingo; but the acquisition was found to be costly, troublesome, and useless; and within a short time it was deliberately abandoned by NARVAEZ. There is no reason to suppose that an American occupation would have been more successful.

It is satisfactory to observe that the American people no longer hanker after the possession of Cuba. It would be highly inconvenient to admit to partnership in the government of the Union a large population which would be alien in race, in language, and in religion. The territory of the United States is large enough, and it will probably hereafter extend over a part of the dominions of Mexico. The PRESIDENT is perfectly justified in congratulating Congress on the friendly relations of the Government with all foreign States. Even the petty disagreement with England on the question of extradition seems to be at an end, and almost for the first time since the establishment of the Republic there is neither a cause of quarrel between the two countries nor even a feeling of irritation. The English Minister has lately delivered a satisfactory award on certain American claims against Mexico; and the English Commissioners at the Philadelphia Exhibition conducted their intercourse with the authorities on the most cordial terms. Nothing is more likely to perpetuate friendly relations than abstinence from officious partisanship in the domestic disputes of the United States. It may perhaps be attributed to an excess of sympathy that some English politicians fancy themselves zealous Republicans, while others are deeply interested in the Democratic cause and in the election of Mr. TILDEN. In public as in private life the interference of strangers in affairs which do not concern them is seldom rewarded with gratitude. The present complications caused by the election for the Presidency form an interesting subject of observation; but Englishmen, if they are well advised, will abstain as much as possible from the display of sympathy or the tender of advice. There can be no doubt that the PRESIDENT has reason for his recommendation that some measures shall be taken to provide for the settlement of disputed elections hereafter. At present it is only possible to wait patiently for the result. It is for the citizens of the United States to judge of the value of General GRANT's defence of his employment of Federal troops in State elections. Both in Louisiana and in South Carolina the army has at different times, under the orders of the PRESIDENT, practically returned a Republican Legislature. It cannot be doubted that, if General GRANT had belonged to the Democratic party, the result of his interference would have been different. His successor, as a civilian, will probably not be equally ready to employ military force.

THE FRENCH DEBATE ON THE SALT-TAX.

AFTER a long debate, in which M. LÉON SAY was opposed by M. GAMBETTA, the French Chamber has decided to abolish the addition to the salt duties made in 1875. The salt-tax is naturally one of the most unpopular of taxes in France, as in every other country. It presses exclusively on the poor, and limits their consumption of one of the first necessities of life. But it is a tax so easily collected that from time immemorial it has been one of the resources of French financiers. No impost was more detested before the Revolution, and none contributed more powerfully to foster that deep feeling of misery and of indignation against their lot which drove Frenchmen to rebel against the old order of things. But, after the Restoration, those who had to find money for the King's Government did not see their way to doing without a salt-tax, and a duty of forty francs per quintal was imposed.

This was afterwards reduced to thirty francs, and at that figure the tax remained until 1848, when it was abolished altogether. It was subsequently reimposed, but only to the amount of ten francs, and to this amount the Assembly last year made an addition of two francs and a half. It was this additional two francs and a half that it was now proposed to abolish, the change being supported by the Commission of the Budget, headed by its President, M. GAMBETTA, and resisted by M. SAY, who protested that he could not do without the money. There was a great difference of opinion expressed as to the operation of the tax. Those who supported M. SAY contended as he did, but perhaps with greater positiveness of assertion, that the tax did not fall on the consumer at all, but only on the grocer; that the additional two francs and a half had not increased the price of salt, and had not tended to diminish its consumption. M. GAMBETTA and his supporters, on the other hand, maintained that the loss must fall on the consumer; that, if it were abolished, competition would compel the grocer to give the consumer the full benefit of the abolition; and that, so far from the consumer not feeling the incidence of the tax, there were parts of France where salt had risen in price by an amount exactly double the amount of the tax itself. Any one acquainted with the figures brought forward in support of arguments on such a subject is aware that it is not difficult for disputants to give their varying interpretations. It could not, for example, be denied that the quantity of salt consumed in the first ten months of this year was smaller than the quantity consumed in the ten corresponding months of last year. But, while M. GAMBETTA used this as a proof that the tax was preventing the poor from buying as much salt as they formerly purchased, M. SAY explained the diminution by saying that it was well known that a serious effort would be made before the end of the year to get the additional two and a half francs abolished, and that accordingly the dealers on a large scale had waited to buy their supplies until the additional duty had been taken off. It is not really necessary to enter into details of this kind in respect of the taxation of an article like salt. It must be a bad tax, because it is a tax on an article of prime necessity, and it must follow the laws of all indirect taxation, and become in the long run a burden on the consumer, and also heighten the price of the article beyond the bare amount of the tax itself. If it were possible to do without the money which the additional duty on salt provided, there could be no real question as to the expediency of deciding that this additional duty should be abolished.

The real question, therefore, was whether the 300,000*l.* which these additional two and a half francs of duty produced could be spared, and it was on this point that the main controversy between M. SAY and M. GAMBETTA turned. The debate was interesting not only because it displayed the powers and the leanings of two of the most eminent of the present race of French politicians; but still more because it illustrated the mode in which the affairs of France are now administered. There are Ministers and there are Commissions, and the Ministers and the Commissions work together. The Minister has the initiative. In finance, for example, he brings before the Commission what he thinks is the nearest outline he can get of the probable incomings and outgoings of the year, and then the Commission examines minutely, in conference with him, every head of the statement. If on any point he and the Commission differ, it is referred to the Chamber to decide between them. This is a very curious piece of constitutional machinery, and seems somewhat cumbersome in comparison with our own system. An English Chancellor of the Exchequer is solely responsible for all that is proposed, states the outlines of his Budget on a single night, and, if he has a good working majority at his command, carries through one item after another without much further difficulty than that caused by the criticism of a few financial authorities in the House, who are often obliged to trust to their recollections of what happened when they themselves were in office, or to argue upon general principles, as they have not the advantage of the recent information which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to guide him. It is obvious that the French system has two great disadvantages. It takes up a vast quantity of the Minister's time, and imposes on him a vast amount of labour; for he has not only to form an opinion, but to prove to the majority of a Board that he is right; and arguing with Boards is, as all who have tried it know, a lengthy and

wearisome process. If, again, parties in the Chamber are nearly balanced, political hostility may prompt the Commission to gain a victory over an adversary by rejecting the proposals of the Minister, and he may have to come before the Chamber under the great disadvantage of having already suffered a defeat. Happily in the present state of French politics, this second evil is not to be feared. The majority is so large, and so determined to support a good Republican like M. SAY, that the Finance Commission is composed to a very large degree of his political friends. Nothing could exceed the friendliness with which M. SAY and M. GAMBETTA carried on their discussion. And it was not only that the opposition to the Minister was of a most good-humoured kind. It was assumed throughout that there ought to be shown a readiness to support the Minister so far as possible. The Commission were very desirous to escape the reproach of captious criticism. They pleaded that the sum in question was but a small one in a Budget of 110 millions sterling, and ample justice was rendered to the desire of the Minister that his Budget should not be ultimately marked with the black note of even the smallest deficit. The controversy was one of friends who, agreeing almost entirely, refer a small matter on which they differ to the arbitration of a third person; and, though M. SAY was defeated, his defeat was not in any way a personal humiliation.

But, although the French system has its inherent defects, it has compensating merits, which, especially in the present state of French politics, are of great value. The reference of the Budget to a Commission gives a number of members an insight into the financial business of the nation which they could not otherwise obtain. It trains them, teaches them, educates them. If this is an advantage of an almost inestimable kind to a politician like M. GAMBETTA, who will in all probability be himself one day charged with the conduct of affairs, it is no slight gain to many men of less eminence, who are thus admitted into the sanctuary of administration and learn the financial state of their country in a direct and complete way, instead of having to be content with second-hand and imperfect information. The French Chamber is moulded by these Commissions into one of the most hardworking and business-like Assemblies that have ever ruled a country. Severe work, not the display of rhetoric, is becoming at once the characteristic of the Chamber and the passport to its confidence. If there were a packed Chamber, as in the flourishing days of the Second Empire, the body of nominees would not derive much benefit from the Budget being referred to a Commission, as the Minister would scarcely argue with men who he knew must support him whether he was right or wrong. But in the Chamber as at present constituted there is that kind of independence which leads men to determine not to support a Minister, even though he is a friend, unless they thoroughly understood what he proposes, and why he proposes it. When such a subject as the additional salt duty is argued before the Chamber, those who have to decide are addressed by men who can really instruct it. The Minister cannot offer any statement without being made to feel that he does so in the presence of those who are thoroughly competent to criticize it. As the debate on the salt-tax turned on the question whether the Budget as a whole would admit of the proposed deduction, many small items had to be taken into consideration. An expense might be saved or must be increased here, and a demand might be rejected or reduced there. No one could have argued such points with a Minister unless, like M. GAMBETTA, he had been in a position to know all that the Minister knew. They travelled over ground equally familiar to both. One small point was raised after another; but whether M. SAY referred with bewildering brevity to the sale of offices in Algeria, the cost of the marine service at Tongking, or the proper price at which meat could be supplied to the army, M. GAMBETTA was quite ready to meet him; and the Chamber had the satisfaction of listening, not to a Minister delivering a patronizing lecture or a caustic rebuke to an outsider, but to a Minister and a critic equally versed in the minutest details of the topic under discussion. It may be added that this mode of doing things has a salutary tendency to make politicians keep financial questions clear of political declamation and political manoeuvres. To abolish the additional duty on salt was of course a popular step; and, if it had not been for the businesslike air which the spokesman of the Commission

gave to the discussion, it would have been not unnatural that the opponents of the Minister should have posed as the special friends and protectors of the poor. If, under other circumstances, M. GAMBETTA might have been tempted to assume such an attitude, he had on this occasion no time for anything of the sort. He was fully occupied in a keen arithmetical struggle, and his example in attending purely to business was followed by those who were prepared to vote with him. The whole number of speakers in the debate was only five, and all talked exclusively of facts and figures. To have indulged in periods about the hardship of the poor and the old hatred of the gabelle would have been supremely distasteful to an audience who felt that they knew all about those things, and who wanted and were receiving real practical information.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM AMALGAMATION.

THE South-Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover Companies have long contemplated amalgamation, and probably the delay which has intervened has been principally employed in preparations on either side for the demand of favourable terms. Amongst other legitimate or natural aids to diplomatic negotiation has been a reduction of fares and increase of accommodation wherever the Chatham Company could institute competition with its more prosperous rival. The first and most obvious effect of the fusion will be a discontinuance of trains which can be spared, or which have not been found separately profitable. In other cases a reduction of speed will effect a certain saving; and, except that it is necessary to obtain Parliamentary sanction to the fusion, the fares would undoubtedly be restored to the highest level. No two railway systems in the kingdom compete on nearly equal terms at so large a proportion of their respective stations. From London to Dover the lines are practically equal in length; and though the Companies have long since agreed to divide the Continental traffic, either Company has an actual or contingent interest in carrying as many passengers as possible. The South-Eastern Company is in sole possession of Folkestone, and of the traffic by that route to Boulogne; but as long as Folkestone Harbour is tidal, Dover is necessarily used for all trains and boats which start or arrive at fixed hours. For goods traffic Folkestone has some special advantages; but there, as well as at Dover, the South-Eastern rates and accommodation must be determined with reference to the arrangements of the competing line. The Chatham Company has exclusive access by its own line to Rochester, Chatham, and Faversham; but the North Kent station at Strood is within a mile of Rochester, and within two miles of Chatham; and the South-Eastern Company has repeatedly striven to obtain access to both towns either by a new line, which has been rejected by Parliament, or through the intervention of the Railway Commissioners. Beyond Faversham the competing Companies meet again at Canterbury, and they compete for the traffic of the watering-places in the Isle of Thanet. In the neighbourhood of London they both accommodate the Crystal Palace, Beckenham, Bromley, Bickley, and many populous suburban districts. They run competing trains by three routes to Maidstone, where the opening of the Sevenoaks line which joins the Chatham main line immediately lowered the fares which had for many years been kept up by the South-Eastern at an unreasonable amount. To Sevenoaks itself there have been competing lines from the time when the South-Eastern Company cut off the angle at Redhill, and adopted the direct route by Chislehurst. The Chatham undertaking has, from causes for which the present management is in no way responsible, produced no adequate return for the capital expended. The proprietors have done great services to the district traversed by the line; and they have now a reasonable claim to a concession which will tend to diminish their losses.

As the rates and fares of the two lines between competing points are necessarily equal, it may be thought that a duplication of trains, though highly convenient to traders and freighters, involves unnecessary expense; but, as far as London traffic is concerned, there is a great advantage in the choice of stations. The South-Eastern Company runs to London Bridge, Cannon Street, and

Charing Cross; and the Chatham Company to Ludgate Hill, Holborn Viaduct, and Victoria. Of all City stations for traffic from the south, Cannon Street is far the best, and Charing Cross gives convenient access to a large and important district; but the Charing Cross trains are subject to the serious inconvenience of a circuitous route, and a tedious delay in Cannon Street, while the Chatham Company combines and divides the City and West-End traffic by a commodious arrangement at Herne Hill. The effect of fusion will be at the same time to diminish the choice of stations, and to make them more useful by opening them all to passengers by both lines, as the amalgamated Company will of course distribute its trains, as may be found most profitable, among the various termini of the line. The saving which will be effected by this alteration, and by the general diminution of accommodation, fully justifies the Boards of both Companies, in the interest of their shareholders, in settling terms of agreement. The annual reduction of cost is perhaps not too highly estimated at 100,000*l*. It is not in the power of Parliament to control by legislation the amount of accommodation which will be afforded after the amalgamation. In the particular case there may perhaps be a compulsory reduction of rates, but it must be remembered that Parliament can only deal with maximum rates, which are seldom actually charged. No Act of Parliament can advantageously define the speed or number of trains. If the Scotch expresses by the East and West coast routes had been regulated by law, and not stimulated by competition, the best service yet known in the world would never have been thought of. It is possible that a fragmentary compensation for less efficient service may be given by a combination of trains, which are now perhaps timed so as to miss each other rather than to fit together. But on the two Kentish lines there can be few instances of such breaks in a route. The distinction drawn by Mr. CARDWELL'S Commission in 1853 still holds good—that it is for the public advantage to unite continuous lines, and to keep parallel lines independent. In some cases travellers from non-competitive stations will have the advantage of a new London terminus. A passenger from Faversham will by some trains be taken direct to Cannon Street instead of to Holborn Viaduct, and a passenger from Folkestone will have access to Victoria.

The promoters of the amalgamation will be able to use as an argument in their favour the former approval by a Committee of the House of Commons of a fusion of the three lines which traverse the South-Eastern counties: In 1868 a Bill for amalgamation of the South-Eastern, the Chatham, and the Brighton Companies would have passed the House of Commons if the South-Eastern had not declined the condition imposed of a reduction of its authorized tariff. As the application is now to be renewed in a modified form, it may be assumed that the South-Eastern Board is willing to accede to terms which will certainly be imposed by Parliament. The Chatham maximum rates are lower, because the lines were authorized at a later period; nor is it likely that any diminution of the ordinary charges will be asked or granted. There is no reason why a Committee or any third party should object to the terms of fusion, as the future division of profits concerns only the two parties to a bargain which seems not to be other than equitable. The Chatham Company is, when the fusion comes fully into operation after four years, to receive 33 per cent., and the South-Eastern Company 67 per cent., of the net earnings. The proportion of South-Eastern to Chatham revenue is at present larger; but the younger Company is perhaps less fully developed than the South-Eastern; and it also seems fair that the greater undertaking, which will therefore derive the greater profit from the reduction of accommodation and expenditure, should pay a consideration to the partner whose consent is necessary to the conclusion of a profitable bargain. The Preference shareholders of the Chatham will receive an immediate increase of dividend; and it is possible that at some remote time even the ordinary stock may produce a dividend. It is not yet known whether the Brighton Company has entered into any negotiation with the Companies to be fused; or whether it will oppose an amalgamation in which it might perhaps claim to be included. The Brighton and South-Eastern Companies compete to Hastings and to certain other points, and the Brighton and Chatham Companies compete to a certain extent for suburban traffic. Perhaps the greatest advantage which the Brighton Company would obtain by amalgamation would be additional security against the competing lines within its own district which are constantly

promoted or threatened by nominally independent Companies. A new line which could in no case hope to be worked by any existing Company would have little chance of success.

If there had been any truth in the rumour that the Midland Company had thought of an amalgamation with the Chatham, the South-Eastern Company would have had a strong additional reason for closing with the proposals of their competitors. If the two schemes had been considered together, it is possible that Parliament might have preferred the claim of the Midland; but the first condition of any fusion of railways is the consent of both parties. A powerful Company with a direct and unbroken route from the greater part of England to Dover would have had every facility for giving the best possible service, and every motive for making full use of its opportunities, including competition with the South-Eastern, which would in that case have acted in combination with the Great Northern or the London and North-Western, or probably with both. A large traffic already passes from St. Pancras to the Chatham line over the Metropolitan; and it might admit of indefinite increase. If the South-Eastern Company could afford to bid higher to abolish competition than the Midland to perpetuate it, the Chatham Board could not hesitate in its choice. It now appears that the more ambitious scheme was never sanctioned by the Midland Company, although it was once proposed by the Chatham Company.

BARBADOES.

THE new Governor of Barbadoes is hardly a man to be envied. The sweets of promotion will have to be tasted in a community which seems to take a pride in showing how perverse and impracticable British subjects can be. There is not much reason to hope that these unpleasing characteristics will be less conspicuously displayed under Captain STRAHAN than under Mr. POPE HENNESSY. It is true that the late Governor was bitterly disliked by the white population; whereas Captain STRAHAN is not known to them. But things have come to that pass in the island that, we fear, it is not likely to make much difference whether the Governor has not been tried or has been tried and found wanting. In point of fact, even Mr. POPE HENNESSY seems lately to have been at least as much hated because he was Lord CARNARVON'S representative as for any personal qualities of his own. The *Times*' Correspondent quotes an eloquent passage from a Barbadian newspaper in which it is declared that, as long as the present policy of the Colonial Office remains unmodified, "the position of 'the individual executor is sunk into that of a mere 'machine or puppet.' If this is the view generally taken in the island, it is plain that the substitution of one Governor for another is not likely to effect any change in it. The opponents of the Colonial Office rightly believe that it is a struggle of system, not of Governors, or even of Secretaries of State. It is not the custom of English Ministers to allow one group of English subjects to oppress or ill treat another merely because of a difference of colour. But this, so far as can be made out, is precisely what a certain section at least of the white population want to do. Colonial Secretaries invariably regard themselves as the protectors of the race which is least able to take care of itself. The extent to which they give practical effect to this function will be different with different Secretaries, but the function itself is permanent. The discovery that Lord CARNARVON is in earnest seems for the time to have rather unhinged the minds of the people of Barbadoes. They have no longer any wish to be included in a nation which numbers such a man among its leading statesmen. They were English, the planters say, at the time of the abolition of slavery, but they are English no longer. This sudden collapse of patriotism is not uncommon in some colonial communities. Their idea of an imperishable connexion between a colony and the mother-country is that all the help shall be provided by the mother-country, and all the control be exercised by the colony. When England claims to have some voice in the administration of her own dependencies, she is immediately told to mind her own business. It is impossible for her to take the advice, because to do so would mean the concession of complete independence to the obstinate colony—

a conclusion to which the Barbadian planters have no wish to push matters. These unmeaning outbursts of local hostility are the necessary drawbacks of a large colonial empire. The mother-country cannot hope to escape them, and the best thing that she can do is to pay as little attention to them as possible.

Captain STRAHAN will not be long in discovering whether the Barbadians are determined to offer the same stubborn resistance to the Colonial Office as they offered to it when it was represented by Mr. POPE HENNESSY. He is more fortunately placed than his predecessor as regards both the Executive Council and the Legislative Council; but, inasmuch as Lord CARNARVON's policy includes the adoption of certain measures intended to improve the condition of the blacks, it is not enough for the Governor to have a majority in the Legislative Council unless he can also command one in the Assembly. According to the *Times*' Correspondent, this is a perfectly hopeless prospect. The existing Assembly contains the very same members as the last, and it is predicted that another election would have precisely the same result. The Assembly is returned by a very small minority of the population, and the coloured race is almost unrepresented. The present constituencies are anxious to keep the franchise in their own hands, not from any theoretical dislike of democracy, but from a highly practical fear lest a House returned under a wider suffrage would legislate in a manner which would not suit the purpose of the existing voters. At least four questions of the first social importance have been commended to the attention of this or previous Assemblies. They are elementary education, poor relief, the revision of the tariff, and the abolition of imprisonment for debt. Upon all these points the majority of the whites imagine their interests and those of the blacks to be hopelessly antagonistic, and they are consequently determined that no change shall be made which would increase the power of the blacks in the Assembly. The last device of the majority is to promise the introduction of a Reform Bill which, it is hoped, will stave off agitation without introducing any fresh element into the Chamber. It is not probable, however, that Captain STRAHAN will make any effort to get the franchise materially lowered. The presence in the constituencies of a large number of black voters would give rise, in the opinion of the *Times*' Correspondent, to dangerous conflicts at every election. Between the present order of things, in which no care is taken of the negroes' interests, and a future in which they would be consulted to the exclusion of all others, it would be a hard matter to choose.

It is not likely, however, that the Colonial Office will seriously consider either of these alternatives. It would be quite as difficult to persuade the Assembly to pass a sweeping Reform Bill as to induce it to adopt those moderate and reasonable reforms which are all that the Colonial Office asks of it. And, supposing Lord CARNARVON to get what he desired, he might only have exchanged one difficulty for another. Instead of a white Legislature showing no regard for the welfare of the blacks, he would find himself confronted by a black Legislature showing no regard for the interests of the whites. Really, therefore, there are only two expedients between which it is open to Lord CARNARVON to choose. The first is to give the present Assembly another chance, in the hope that the passions into which it has lately been betrayed may die down now that they are no longer fanned by the presence of Mr. POPE HENNESSY; and that, after an interval, the members may be persuaded to legislate in the sense desired by the Colonial Office. The other is to abolish a Constitution which has not proved successful, and to govern Barbadoes as Jamaica has been governed since the insurrection under Mr. EYRE. Unless the Assembly very rapidly mends its ways, it is this last project that has the best chance of being adopted. Where a small community like Barbadoes is made up of two races differing so completely as the white man and the negro, it seems almost hopeless to expect that their rival interests will adjust themselves peaceably without external control. It is asking more of representative institutions than can fairly be expected from them. What is needed in such a community is a Governor who can approach every question that arises between the two races with no bias towards one side or the other. Under the ordinary constitutional forms, the stronger race will oppress the weaker, or the strength of the community will be lost in never-ceasing contests for supremacy. The Barbadoes Assembly is a very fair example of the result of limiting

the suffrage to the whites; the Southern States of America afford excellent illustrations of the result of extending the suffrage to the blacks. The withdrawal of the island from the list of colonies having representative Governments would put an end to an irritating contest between the Colonial Office and the Assembly, without inflicting the slightest injury upon any interest worth caring for. The existence of Parliamentary institutions is so far an argument for retaining them that even the Barbadian Assembly may be given a little further respite, but it should be on the well-understood condition that this is absolutely its last chance.

FIRES IN THEATRES.

THE New York papers give full particulars of the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre, which, though not complete or thoroughly tested on every point, afford a sufficiently clear idea of how the disaster happened. One of the "drops," representing the sky, at the top of the stage, caught fire from a border-light which had been turned up too high; and in a moment, as the stage-manager says, all the drops and borders hanging from the rigging-loft were one mass of flames. The stage-carpenter and an assistant ran up to the flies, and tried to get out on the grooves, but could not reach the drop. Men with poles also attacked the burning mass, but without effect. In the confusion the curtain, which had also taken fire, was lowered, and spread the flames to the gallery and other parts of the house. Thus, in the course of, as is estimated, from five to ten minutes, the greater part of the interior was on fire, and there were no means whatever of dealing with it. There was a small hydrant, scarcely larger than that used in private dwellings, but no hose or engines, nor any kind of fire-extinguisher. The flames were therefore omnipotent from the first, and in a very brief time enveloped the whole place. The performers on the stage were themselves compelled to retreat in the midst of their appeal to the audience to be calm and sit quietly. The people in the parquet and balcony seem to have escaped without much difficulty, their numbers not being very large, and their egress being close upon the outer vestibule. A good many in the dress-circle also got out by the main entrance. It was chiefly the people packed, to the number of four hundred, in the gallery who were the victims of the conflagration. The fire had spread so rapidly that they would have been roasted alive or suffocated by the smoke and escaping gas if they had remained; and, after the first few reached the landing leading to the stairs, a panic seized the throng, and there was a wild rush forward. A woman fell, with her legs entangled in the balustrade, and other persons immediately behind were tripped up by this obstacle, so that instantly there was a solid block of human bodies, which prevented all egress down the stairs. Here the gas had gone out, and it was quite dark; the flames were heard crackling inside the house; part of the staircase gave way; and before any effectual help could be given, a large number of people had been squeezed to death in the desperate struggle which was going on, or suffocated by the fumes and smoke.

It will be seen that there were several causes for this disaster. In the first place, there was the ignition of the drop, which quickly spread to the other hanging draperies. It is doubtful whether the gas was properly guarded by wire, but it was certainly not watched near at hand, nor were any means provided for reaching the drops or extinguishing a fire. It is said that on two previous occasions within a fortnight there had been similar accidents at this house; and nothing can be more monstrous in such a case than the absence of any extinguishing apparatus, or even so much as a pail of water. The next point is as to the facilities for the escape of an audience thus assailed. The theatre was not an old one, and appears to have been of sound construction, as far as materials went; while the chief entrance and passages in the lower part were of fair average width. In an alley on the opposite side from the main entrance were several doors, which were intended for an emergency; but there was apparently some delay in opening these, and also in getting to them, there being, for instance, no way to them from the gallery except through the dress-circle and lower parts of the auditorium, and their existence being probably unknown to most of the audience.

This catastrophe has naturally raised the question as to

how far any of our own theatres fall within the description above given of the American ones, and expose the public to similar perils. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN has been appealed to on the subject, and has replied, through his chief clerk, that "This department, having always considered the question of the safety of the public very carefully," has now, "in consequence of the recent catastrophe at Brooklyn, turned its serious attention to the question, with a view of introducing every possible means of preventing a similar calamity here." It remains, however, to be seen how this object is to be attained. As far as we can understand, the "Rules of Theatres" just issued are not new rules, but only a re-issue of old rules, accompanied by a notification that they will be in future more strictly enforced. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN's language on this subject is very plain and decided, and it is to be hoped that it will be carried out. Many of the London theatres are known to be, from their sites and fittings, of a very dangerous character, and without any adequate arrangements for extinguishing a fire, should one break out, or enabling the audience to escape. The principal entrance to one theatre in the Strand is through a narrow subterranean tunnel, into which people have to make a descent at one end, and an ascent at the other, and it can easily be imagined what would inevitably happen in such a trap if a panic occurred. There is another theatre in the same thoroughfare the main entrance to which is only a small shop-front, with a narrow passage and staircase leading to the auditorium behind, and in this passage there is, as if to give every chance to conflagration, a drinking bar with blazing gas. The second circle at this house is a series of rising benches, where the people are packed together like sheep in a pen, without being able to move without a painful struggle, and when it is full every inch of space is occupied, the narrow lane allowed for exit being blocked by moveable seats or stools. At nearly all the theatres the stalls have to be reached by a dark descending stair of the narrowest limits, in which two persons can hardly pass each other; and the rows of seats are placed together so closely that the visitors have to squeeze along in a way which, especially when ladies are concerned, is not only disagreeable, but positively scandalous. Moreover, there is no limit in regard to the numbers admitted to theatres, except the physical impossibility of making another inch of space by any amount of compression of the people.

The truth is that there has hitherto been too much tenderness for supposed vested interests. Lord SYDNEY, when Lord Chamberlain, gave evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1866, in which he admitted that a great many of the small theatres were not such places as people would like, and that great improvements might be made; but, he added, practically it was very difficult to make them. He also declared that the supply of water proposed by Captain SHAW was impossible in this country; and he thought it a sufficient answer to the suggestion that only skilled firemen, such as the *sapeurs pompiers*, should be employed in theatres, that "he did not know how far English managers would like it." When asked whether it would not be advantageous to have more separate entrances to theatres, he replied, "Yes; but ground is so expensive, it would be a prohibition of new theatres." On the same occasion, Mr. SPENCER PONSONBY produced a memorandum from the Lord Chamberlain's office stating that, "taking into consideration the indifferent sites upon which many of the theatres are built, they are now as safe and convenient"—not as they ought to be, but only—"as they can be made under the circumstances"; and with this the department was perfectly satisfied. Again, we find the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, in his usual mild and apologetic way, "without making a positive order," recommending the use of unflammable material for women's dresses on the stage. It is not difficult indeed to bring this question to a practical test. There are certain measures which have been repeatedly and urgently recommended by Captain SHAW, and which may be taken as essential conditions of public safety. The most important of these are, that fixed rules should be laid down and enforced as to the amount of space to be allowed according to the numbers of the audience and the number and width of exits; that a complete party or fire-wall should be built across the whole building, except the open space for the stage; that there should be a metal curtain to

shut up the stage on any alarm of fire; that the lobbies, corridors, and landings should also be kept distinct from the auditorium in a similar way; that every theatre should have in constant readiness a supply of water under a pressure capable of forcing it to every part of the building, and a rising main with hydrants or fire-cocks distributed throughout the building; that all inflammable materials should be washed or soaked in a mixture of alum and water to check combustion; and that every theatre should be regularly watched by thoroughly drilled firemen. Some of these safeguards are included in Lord HERTFORD's new memorandum; but at this moment the audiences of London theatres are exposed to all the dangers against which they would afford, if not an infallible, at least a substantial protection.

It must be remembered that very trifling accidents on the stage—the carelessness or stupidity of a scene-shifter or other underling—may produce the most serious consequences. A theatre has been burned down through a wad from a pistol lodging unperceived among the decorations; and, even though a fire may be put out, there is always a chance of its producing a panic. At Manchester the other night a Christmas pantomime was brought out, and in the middle of the performance some of the audience saw, or believed they saw, a volume of flame break out near the footlights. A cry of "Fire" was at once raised, and there would have been a fatal rush from the house if the actors had not been able to convince the audience that there was no danger. Last week there was an alarm at the Vandeville, while at the Lyceum a scene stuck, and the borders got deranged, and might easily have been ignited. Thus there are always two distinct possibilities which have to be faced in a theatre—that of a destructive fire, and of a panic, reasonable or unreasonable. It is obviously for the interest of managers themselves that they should reduce these risks; but, as they mostly prefer a false economy to what would in the end be a profitable security, it is clearly the duty of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to use his undoubted authority on behalf of the public. Mere polite suggestions and expostulations are not enough. What is wanted is a regular and continuous system of supervision, and strict enforcement of indispensable precautions.

THE TOMB OF AGAMEMNON.

AFTER giving the world the news of what seems to be the most curious archaeological discovery of the age, the *Times* has ingeniously managed to throw ridicule on the whole affair. What it is exactly that Dr. Schliemann has done at Mycenæ we do not accurately know, though it is possible to guess. But whether or not he has discovered the tomb of Agamemnon and of his company who fell with him at the treacherous feast of Ægistheus, he certainly deserves something better and more intelligent than the absurd comments of the *Times*. According to that paper, "all at once Mycenæ is found to be a reality"—just as if any one ever doubted it, just as if the massive walls, the sculptured lions of the gate, the "underground buildings," were not "alive to testify" to Mycenæ, like the bricks appealed to by the Smith in the case of Jack Cade. It was a commonplace of discussion that the ruins of Agamemnon's town, more archaic in character than almost any other relics of prehistoric Hellas, bore witness to some hard "grains of fact" in the tale of Troy. "The Argives, jealous, it is said—though why jealous it is hard to say—laid the city waste," as the writer in the *Times* remarks. But it is not in the least "hard to say" why the Argives were jealous; for Pausanias distinctly tells us that "they had been neutral in the Persian war, whereas the Mycenæans had sent eighty men to Thermopylæ, who shared in the deed done there with the Lacedæmonians." This was good cause enough for the ruin of Mycenæ by the Argives; no final ruin, however, for Dr. Schliemann found in the beginning of his work that the place had been inhabited again in the Macedonian era. Though Strabo declared that the site was lost, Pausanias described the walls and gate as they stand to-day, and the place has been visited often enough since Lord Elgin's not very fruitful diggings.

That Dr. Schliemann has found great quantities of gold, silver, and bronze, mixed with armour and weapons and human remains, will not surprise any one who knows how incomplete the earlier excavations were. The *Times*, in a tone of unwonted gush, declares that "the fairy-like form of Cassandra is here, with all her pretty trinkets, her earrings, necklaces, bracelets, hair-pins, lockets, and clasps." Perhaps the lockets contain miniatures of her old admirer Apollo, to whom the fairy-like thing behaved so badly. And then, carried away by this flow of sentiment, the *Times* proposes a new solution of the Eastern question. Every one has heard how Pythagoras recognized in the Heræum the shield which in a former life he had borne at Troy. "Let the shield of Aga-

memnon be hung up among a number of other shields of antique form," says the *Times*, "and let the greatest men of this not degenerate age be invited to prove their true identity." Then the man who can "spot" the shield of the King of Men must be the man "to head the entire Greek race," "the true Emperor of the East, and our easiest escape from our present difficulties." The *Times* clearly thinks that Agamemnon has exchanged the sword for the pen, and is a contributor to the *Contemporary Review*, "a true Philhellene, a scholar, a statesman." But enough of this nonsense; let us try to guess what Dr. Schliemann has really done.

The situation of Mycenæ is tolerably well known from the works of Mure, Leake, and many others. Near the upper extremity of the Argolic plain, and away from the sea for the reasons given by Thucydides, the Acropolis stands on a rugged height between two torrents, and below a higher mountain. The citadel, according to Leake, is about four hundred yards in length, and two hundred in breadth. In addition to the Cyclopean wall round the citadel, an ancient wall ran down the ridge of the hill, to the lower town, from the famous Lions' Gate. Just within this longer wall, at some distance from the citadel, lies the great subterranean building known as the Treasury of Atreus. Lord Elgin had diggings made here, of which Leake says that "it only wants a little more labour to show the nature of the monument within." There are two other smaller buildings of the same kind at a greater distance from the Acropolis, and there is a fourth just without the Cyclopean wall, near the Gate of the Lions. It is in the neighbourhood of this fourth edifice, but, as we understand, within the wall of the Acropolis, that Dr. Schliemann has found the tombs filled with golden breastplates, crystal-tipped sceptres, human remains, and a whole treasure of gold ornaments. In his letter published in the *Times* of November 1, he speaks of parallel rows of slabs deeply buried under the rubbish of ages, and occupying that prominent place within the sacred enclosure of the Acropolis where he would have expected to find the kingly palace. Who can have deserved the honour of burial here? he asked, on the hypothesis that the slabs marked graves. And now let us turn to Pausanias, and see what the tradition of the second century after Christ had to tell that traveller:—

In the ruins of Mycenæ is the fountain called Perseia, and the underground houses builded, of Atreus and his children, where were the treasures of their wealth. And a grave there is of Atreus, and of those who came up with Agamemnon out of Ilium, whom Ægistheus slew at the feast which he made for them. But as to the sepulchre of Cassandra, the Lacedæmonians who dwell about Amyclæ dispute the matter. Another grave there is of Agamemnon. Graves, too, of Eurymedon the charioteer, and one of Teledamus and Pelops, children that Cassandra bare, as they say, whom while yet infants Ægistheus slew along with their parents, and there is the tomb of Electra. . . . But Clytemnestra and Ægistheus were buried a little further from the wall, but to lie within it they were not held worthy, where Agamemnon himself lay, and they that were slain with him.

According to this evidence, the treasure-houses were one thing and the graves quite another; the treasure-houses and Clytemnestra's grave were outside the wall, the graves were within. Now the sepulchral slabs discovered by Dr. Schliemann were deep under rubbish older than the date of Pausanias, so that tradition alone must have marked the spot where the King of Men was laid. It is under these slabs, not in the treasury opposite the Lions' Gate, if we rightly interpret the telegrams in the *Times* of November 25 and the following days, that Dr. Schliemann found the human remains, the breast-plates of gold, the gilt "cow's head," the countless "buttons," the "masks." Yet in his letter of November 1 Dr. Schliemann writes as if the graves within the wall had been rifled long ago, whereas the telegram of November 25 speaks of the treasure as found in the graves spoken of by Pausanias. What are we to think then of this treasure of the dead, and what light does it cast on the credibility of the *Iliad*? In the first place, surely the most sceptical will admit that the gold is archaic gold. We hope to hear none of the envious sneers which were current as to the genuineness of the relics at Hissarlik. A real royal treasure, and that of an age—if we may judge from the style of the ornaments of the stones covering the tombs—when art in Greece was hardly distinguishable from the work of the sculptors of Esar-Haddon, has been found in a kingly grave. No one but the *Times* will be amazed at the liberality which in an heroic age charged the tomb of the departed with regal wealth. It was the custom of almost every primitive people to bury at least a fair share of things likely to be found useful in the under-world. And we learn from Homer that honours were not denied even to the hostile dead. Proteus says to Menelaus about Ægistheus—

ἦ κεν Ὀρέστῃς
κτείνεν ὑποφθάμενος, σὺ δὲ κεν Τάφου ἀντιβολήσαις.

The injured dead, however guilty while in life, had to be propitiated by the honours at least of the tomb.

But when we have granted that the prehistoric wealth and manners of semi-Assyrian Hellas are illustrated by Dr. Schliemann's discovery, we have gone quite as far as we can go with safety. It is impossible to say more on the strength of mere descriptions. "Buttons" is a very vague word for articles in gold; "masks" may seem to be something else in the eyes of other archaeologists; and the "mighty bones of ancient men" have still to be submitted to the osteologist. Though Homer does speak of golden armour, we should like to have the opinion of more than one expert on the breast-plate of Agamemnon. Then, as to the cow's

head in silver, we know that Dr. Schliemann sees cows' heads and owls' heads where other archaeologists only find a rude effort at designing the human figure, or an incomprehensible grotesque. Very likely *Βούντις* "Hōn" was once represented as ox-headed, and very possibly Athene had the head of an owl, though by Homer's time the ritual words *Βούντις* and *γλαυκῶπις* may have lost their archaic meaning. We know that the Phigaleians cherished a horse-headed Demeter; that Artemis was called "Bull-headed," and worshipped in the shape of a Bear; Dionysus Zagreus is figured with a bull's head on a cylix in the cabinet of the Duke of Luynes; a vase representing a man with a hare's head has been found at Camirus, and so on. The explanation of these and similar facts is disputed for the present, but they show that there is nothing unnatural in the cow-headed Hera. But, till archaeologists have inspected the Hera of Dr. Schliemann, the tiller world may suspend its judgment. In one respect the new excavations seem to make against Mr. Gladstone's theory that Hissarlik was Ilium. If any trust may be placed in descriptions, the *κρίεα* of the kingly dead in Mycenæ, their store for use in the under world, were infinitely more splendid, richer, and part of a more refined civilization, than the "treasure of Priam." The Trojan gold was rather barbaric; its quantity, though notable, was not very imposing; while the remains of the city at Hissarlik were quite out of keeping with the notion that it could have been a rival of the now unburied Mycenæ. So, at least, the telegrams from Argos lead us to suppose, though perhaps the absence of iron in Hissarlik and Mycenæ may show that, in civilization, if not in power and wealth, the two cities were on the same level.

A great discovery then, and one full of future teaching, and most creditable to the energy of Dr. Schliemann, has been made. But no one should be in a hurry to say that here we have the bodies of those who fell "in the most pitiful manslaying," when, in a murder like that of the hall of Atli, "not one man escaped of them with Atreus' son, nor of the party of Ægistheus," and when, "most piteous of all, was heard the wail of Cassandra, Priam's daughter, as she clung about the body of the King of Men." It is not easy to be sure whether the treasure was found in tombs within the "underground building," or "oven," as the peasants call it, just outside the Lions' Gate; or whether it was discovered under the slabs within the wall of the citadel. It is certain that we shall learn more from Mycenæ if we make no rash guesses, and, above all, if we keep the Eastern question out of the matter.

HUNTING.

AMONG modern social growths not the least singular is that of hunting. For hunting is essentially a social function; and, whatever men may profess, few would care to hunt absolutely alone, even on the best of horses, with the best of hounds, and in the best of countries. Gradually, but steadily, has this custom of hunting advanced more and more into favour, until it has become one of the leading features of English life among the moneyed classes, and the system may be said even yet to be in a state of development. The practices of some of the parent hunts would scarcely be acknowledged by their modern descendants; and it is hard to reconcile oneself to the fact that the neatly appointed riders and thoroughbred hunters of the present time are but the successors of the men in scarlet dressing-gowns and episcopal hats and the short-tailed, butcher-like cobs which we see depicted in old sporting prints. But the manners and customs of the old sportsmen were even more unlike those of their modern followers than were their garments; as an instance of which we may refer to a letter which a gentleman signing himself "Tallyho" wrote to the *Sporting Magazine* in the last decade of the eighteenth century, giving a detailed account of the latest doings of a party of Nimrods, who were "concerned in a pack of hounds." It seems that the master of this illustrious pack had had the good fortune to obtain possession of a live badger, which animal he destined to afford his field recreation and sport for several days at the very least. On the first day they turned the devoted beast at large, and gave him ten minutes law, when they put the hounds on his trail, ran him for three miles, eventually re-caught him, and carried the poor creature home in a bag. On the second day they determined to improve their sport. Accordingly, they not only increased his "law" to half-an-hour, but sent after him a man "mounted on a very fleet horse," whose mission was to flog him whenever he showed symptoms of fatigue. The victim, however, ran so fast that his pursuer, despite a "very long hunting whip," which we are told that he carried, could only occasionally get a cut at him. At the end of a glorious run of twenty-five miles he was taken alive. At this point a certain "Counsellor Jenkins" steps upon the stage. This worthy begged that when the tragic day of the death of the much-enduring badger should arrive, he might have his hams; "for," says the writer, "it was the custom of that country to cure the posteriors of badgers and eat them for hams." And now we come to the third day's torture, on which three-quarters of an hour's law, and liberal flogging, only produced a run of eighteen miles, after which the badger was again re-bagged. This unhappy beast would doubtless have afforded many more days of excellent sport if he had not met with what his historian calls "a premature death," which sad event accrued through the huntaman's omission of "the articles necessary for his support," by which we understand that the poor brute was starved to death. To trace the development of hunting from these "good old times" to the present day is a task which we will leave to sporting antiquaries. Yet the eighteenth century is, after

all, a very late date from which to begin a history of the chase; for there appear to have been, not only fox-hunters, but fox-hunting parsons, as early as the seventh century, to whom Alcuin said, "What folly to leave the footsteps of Christ, and run after the trail of a fox!"

Why do people hunt? Nominally to obtain amusement and take exercise; practically, in many cases, because it is the fashion. Can we be seriously asked to believe that men who abhor every kind of discomfort and exertion would naturally, for their own pleasure and gratification, get up at abnormal hours, dress by candle-light, and drive, or go by train, for a long distance, to undergo danger and fatigue, returning home by a perhaps still longer journey? That men of hardihood and energy can enjoy such labours we can easily understand; but besides such, our hunting-fields are crowded with delicate and luxurious fellows who only go out because it is the fashion so to do. We are fully alive to the delights of the chase. Not only does it afford a pleasant channel for social intercourse, but there is a sort of intoxication about a run with foxhounds with which no other pleasure can vie. The very blood runs more quickly through one's veins at the bare recollection of it. Our memories at once recall the self-control which it is necessary to exercise when the hounds break away from the cover, and the calm but rapid survey of the surrounding fences which we have to make when our blood is at boiling point, the mad charge which must then be made to obtain a good start, to be succeeded by a steady but bold flight over the adjoining country, be it good, bad, or indifferent; the keen attention which must be divided between the turns of the racing pack and the approaching fences, and finally the judgment necessary to get as much speed as possible out of our horse without distressing him; and many of us can further recall the sudden dizziness, followed by a tremendous whack upon the back and heavy shake, which apprised us too late of the fact that we had neglected the latter precaution, and that our steed, being exhausted, had failed completely to clear a stiff fence, and given us a severe fall in consequence. That there is an indescribable ecstasy in all this, we readily admit; but at the same time, in calmly reviewing the enjoyments of the game, we must not shut our eyes to the worth of the candle. The twenty or thirty minutes of ecstatic bliss afforded by a good run with fox-hounds is purchased at the cost of great trouble, fatigue, and expense. From beginning to end hunting entails worries and bother. The difficulty of getting a good stud groom to start with is very great, and that of finding good horses is even greater. Then these precious creatures, when found, are not only liable to the many diseases to which horseflesh is heir, but also to the accidents and injuries which they are so likely to incur when galloped for long distances through heavy ground, and ridden over severe and dangerous fences. Probably no horse perpetually undergoes so many risks as a hunter. Then there is the drawback of having to make so many other duties and pleasures of life subservient to hunting. Indeed we are sometimes almost induced to fancy that one of the great attractions of hunting consists in the opportunities which it offers for the indulgence of the British taste for grumbling. As to the fatigue, any man of only moderate strength, who has been accustomed to hunt four or five days a week, must be well aware how thoroughly wearied a succession of hard days will make him, especially when the distances to the meets and the rides home are long. The motion of a good hunter flying over fences is very delightful, but it is not so pleasant to ride imaginary horses over the fences of dreamland throughout the night, and when we jump in our sleep we come down with a disagreeable jolt upon the mattress, utterly foreign to the springy manner of alighting which is peculiar to a well-bred horse. But most hunting men must, when thoroughly over-fatigued, have occasionally experienced these "hunting nights," during which they never could get near the hounds, despite much hard riding and many falls. On such occasions the summons of the valet at an early hour, just as they had at last dropped off into a comfortable sleep, was almost as unwelcome as would have been that of a detective policeman; and the sight of the white leathers and top-boots, and other paraphernalia of the chase, which he carried in his hands were suggestive of the last straw for the back of the camel.

As regards the expense of hunting, it is impossible to fix a limit to it, since it varies so much with circumstances; and the man who rides his own horse, worth a hundred and twenty pounds, to cover, hunts him, and rides him home again, naturally spends considerably less than does he who finds his way to the meet in a brougham or on a galloping hack, who has a couple of hunters out worth three hundred guineas apiece, and who hacks home. But let us try to calculate the cheapest rate at which a man who walks thirteen stone in weight can possibly hunt with comfort. The average price of his horses cannot well be less than a hundred and fifty guineas, and the average time they will last him will not exceed three years; when he will not find, in the long run, that he gets more than thirty guineas each for them. Sometimes of course a horse will last ten years, but then perhaps two will fail in a month. Now and then a horse may be sold for as much as was given for him, or more, but then a number may turn out absolutely worthless; and it must be remembered that, if a lame horse is kept for six months and then sold, twenty-five pounds must be taken from the proceeds of the sale, which frequently reduces them to nil. A horse often fails completely at the beginning of the season, and if we then get thirty pounds for him, it is exactly the same thing as if we had absolutely given him away at the end of the previous season, for his expenses since

then must be about thirty pounds. Thus each horse will cost about forty pounds a year for purchase money. To this we must add the expense of his food, men to attend to him, rent, blacksmiths, saddlers, and veterinary surgeons' bills. Now these will be found to amount to somewhere about sixty pounds per annum. Therefore the cost of each horse will come to about one hundred pounds a year. Between lameness, influenza, accidents, &c., one horse will not do more than twenty days' hunting each season, on an average; and at this rate the expense of each day would be about five pounds, and we believe that most hunting men of any experience will agree with us in considering this a very low estimate. And it must be borne in mind that a long frost, the death of a relation, or the acceptance of invitations to stay at country houses for a few days, materially run up the cost of each day's hunting. Nor have we made any allowance for the expense of hunting by train, or keeping a hack or carriage-horse to take one to cover; and, to keep the average expense of each day anywhere near this low rate, a man must abjure almost every other object and ambition of life during the winter months, even reading his newspaper by hurried snatches when best he can. In fine, hunting must become the business, and not the pleasure, of his life.

We may here notice one of the most anomalous features of hunting etiquette—which consists in this, that, if a man does not hunt at all, hunting men do not consider his conduct strange; but, should he hunt only once a week, they look upon his doing so as a sort of disgrace. They seem to imagine that, if any one ever hunts, he would certainly like to hunt at least four days a week, and that his not doing so arises either from stinginess or from the slenderness of his purse. Some men are miserable if they cannot make up the quota of days' hunting every week which they consider sufficient. Five days' hunting, and a considerable sense of fatigue, will not prevent them from going a long distance, and that at considerable personal inconvenience, to hunt on the sixth. And this they do for the sole object of being able to say that they hunt every day. In fact, some men hunt six days a week with the regularity of the treadmill, and would doubtless hunt on the Sundays also were it possible to do so. We certainly hope that the day may be distant when hunting shall cease to be a favourite national sport; for, even when carried to some excess, it forms a better pastime for the wealthy than many of the diversions of our Continental neighbours; but when we find wives stunted on account of the studs of their husbands, the whole course of society deranged by reason of hunting arrangements, and the bulk of conversation devoted for months to this one topic, we cannot help wishing that, in the pursuit of our favourite sport, a little of that moderation might be used which is advisable in all things.

HIGH ROMAN RITUAL.

THE unhappy brawls in which churchwardens and Archbishops, and other less prominent folk, have been so freely indulging, to the delight and advantage of the Liberation Society, over the something which has been so ungrammatically ticketed as "Ritualism" has tended to darken a very simple question. It would be difficult for any reasonable being to deny that the artistic use of external appliances in worship is the logical *sequitur*; we will not say of Christianity, but of natural religion itself; for, as the idea of a Creator involves creation, so, in the dealings of the creature with the Creator, all that is involved in the term creation—whether it be permanent, such as buildings, decorations, and so on; or transitory, such as liturgical forms or music—ought to be employed to the best advantage. At the same time, it is as possible in practice to make a foolish as a wise application of so elementary a principle; for taste, of all things, is most fallible, and Ritualists, like other public characters, must be judged by their performances rather than their intentions. The innovations (for such they are, whether good or bad in themselves) with which they have startled bystanders may be roughly divided into three classes. Either they are their own inventions, or they are intended to be the visible exhibition of the legal fact that the corporate Church of England before and after the Reformation is one continuous whole, or they are the direct imitation of the active, thriving Church of Rome in its actual bigness. We have nothing now to say to the first of these classes, nor do we desire to handle the second, which appeals to an historical truth, while it is capable of applications which may be to any degree unwise, vexatious, or untenable. We have a more limited work before us—namely, to offer to those who imagine that modern Roman ceremonial is the ideal of majesty and beauty our own impressions of a ceremonial which, of all others, ought to be the *ne plus ultra* of such a function—a "high High Mass," as Scott has it, celebrated by a Cardinal-Archbishop in a Spanish Cathedral. We offer our experiences of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception at Burgos. The question which we ask ourselves on approaching the topic is a simple one—How far is living Roman ceremonial, thus tested under circumstances of peculiar advantage, likely to satisfy the reasonable and healthy taste for stately worship which is growing up in England? We have not, accordingly, to consult the special circumstances of the particular festival; for, to any one who followed the day's doings with his eye rather than his ear, it might as well have been any other commemoration as that of Pius IX.'s doctrinal development, which for Spain at least was not the mere novelty that it was for

other parts of the Roman Catholic world. Every one knows that the cardinal portions of the mass are unchangeable, and that its variable contents, such as the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel of each day, are built upon the same lines; and so we believe that, if we had happened to be at Burgos seventeen days later, and seen how its dignitaries kept Christmas, we should have reached practically identical conclusions. We shall also spare ourselves the trouble of protesting against the use of a dead language. No one in England but a Roman Catholic has, we are glad to think, ever dreamed of introducing this impediment to congregational worship. We repeat that what we are examining is neither the typical service as written in the Roman Missal, nor the language of its variable incidents for that particular day; but their outward presentment to a mixed town congregation under the living Roman system, in its palpable aspects of devotion, edification, and majesty. The distinction is a very real one, for, as the noblest form of words may be marred by a blurred *mise-en-scène*, so the baldest may borrow artificial dignity from the good taste of well-considered appointments.

Those who know anything of ecclesiastical architecture need not be reminded of the Spanish peculiarity which in mediæval as well as in modern churches places the choir, as distinct from the sanctuary, more or less towards the west end. In smaller churches the *coro* is raised aloft in a gallery; but in more stately temples it occupies the floor, and, except in its position, resembles the analogous part of an English or French minster—that is, it appears as a richly-carved series of stalls for the use of the caputular clerks, and duly partitioned off. The result of this singular arrangement is that the lay congregation finds itself at High Mass placed between the two bodies of officiators—those especially engaged at the altar, and those who support them in the *coro*. Inconsistent as this is with our notion of Church order, and undeniably damaging to the architectural beauty of the building, it is certainly capable of producing striking ceremonial effects. At Burgos, as at other churches of the same class, the disfigurement of the pile and the capacity of such effect are both at the maximum, since the *coro*, instead of being thrust to the bottom of the church, stands just westward of the lantern—in fact, identically where its counterpart is placed in Westminster Abbey, the difference being that a high iron screen guards it to the eastward, and that it relatively fills up a larger proportion of the nave. The narrow middle passage railed off in some other Spanish churches for the free transit of the clergy from choir to altar does not exist at Burgos, its place being supplied by the verger's well-used staff.

The congregation, impartially combined of rich and poor, dainty ladies and beggars in tatters, crowded up to the very steps of the altar; so, at all events, there was no mystery about the details of the service. It is hardly too much to say that the front group of worshippers would touch some of the officiator's vestments. We do not pretend to say that such familiarity is absolutely consistent with reverence, but it gives point to the moral which we wish to draw. The theory of such a service as the Roman High Mass represents is to environ the greatest constant act of Christian worship with the events of, and illustrative references to, some special incident of Scriptural or ecclesiastical history, whether it be one in which all Christians can sympathize, such as our Lord's Nativity, or one which only appeals to Roman beliefs, such as the "Immaculate Conception" of His Mother, the whole being intentionally cast in what it is no irreverence to call a highly dramatic form. With a service framed on such principles, and the laity as at Burgos brought into the closest proximity with the performers, it is as plainly consonant with reason that the whole transaction should be intelligible in all its details alike to the simple and the learned, as that the words of the preacher in a Primitive Methodist chapel should come home to the minds of the whole congregation. In the Eastern Church the most solemn parts of the Communion office are transacted within a solid and closed screen, and all understand what that means—namely, the excessive manifestation of a feeling that there is a point at which edification shall not come into competition with reverence. At Burgos the analogous parts of the service openly take place, even when its metropolitan is celebrant, within three or four yards of the chance first comers. Here then comes the crucial test by which we desire to solve the question of the applicability of modern living Roman ceremonial—not the archaeological ceremonial of optimist liturgists such as Dr. Rock, or optimist artists such as Pugin, but the actual ceremonial of Churches which are most ecclesiastical, such as Burgos, in a country which is most Roman, such as Spain, where the chief officiator is most sacerdotal, as being a Cardinal-Archbishop, and the occasion most provocative of the highest manifestation, as the solemnity—under such conditions—of the Immaculate Conception would be. If the events with which the day was connected were acted out so as to reach the minds and the understandings of the bystanders, the service was a success; if all which they got was a spectacle, pretty and graceful in some of its features, fussy and confused in others, then it was a failure. One idea, no doubt, every one present must have carried away—namely, that it is a very fine thing to be a Cardinal-Archbishop; for, with all the want of precision in every other stage of the solemnity, this fact stood out emphatic and pre-eminent; but it certainly could not have been the Pope's intention in promulgating his new doctrine merely to give another opportunity of showing what was already abundantly visible.

The service of course began with a procession round the cathedral, after which the clerks filed off, some, including the Metropolitan, to the altar, and the rest to the *coro*. All wore vestments

of modern work, light blue in colour, embroidered or bordered, as the case might be, with silver or silvery white. The Archbishop was celebrant, supported by the high dignitaries who acted as deacon and subdeacon; and the whole ceremonial was carried through with such rapidity that, including both the procession and the rites peculiar to a Pontifical high mass, it only lasted an hour and a quarter. The sight which was most prominent was a ring of aides-de-camp, as we must call the attendant canons in blue copes, who stood facing the altar, and intercepting the view of the three chief officiators. The existence in the cathedral of two metal pulpit-like ambos at the north-east and south-east angles of the lantern made us suppose that we should see that very impressive feature of a high Roman function, the procession, followed by the reading aloft of the Gospel—a part of the service with which (whatever he may think of its other parts) no sincere Protestant ought to quarrel, typifying as it does the supreme reverence due to the Holy Scriptures. Nothing of the sort was, however, done; but both Epistle and Gospel were hurried over at the altar. Yet we happened to have had personal evidence two days before that the practice was neither forbidden nor obsolete in the Spanish Church, as we saw it at a much more modest high mass in the far inferior cathedral of Vitoria. Perhaps in a Pontifical mass, where local Rome overrides national rites, it is not lawful. If so, so much the worse for that mass.

The ineffective part played by that portion of the clerical body who filed off into the *coro* surprised us. With telling music and a strong staff their responsive singing might have been made peculiarly impressive. Instead of this, they were few and feeble, and only distracted attention from the main action. Very likely Burgos Cathedral itself cannot now afford to pay more men, and must make the best of those whom it actually possesses. But it is the weak point of the Roman communion generally that such a plea should have to be urged. If there is one ritual feature more than another which gives satisfactory proof of the real and healthy growth of the Church movement in England, it is the spontaneity with which voluntary choral aid has come to the succour of our equally undermanned choirs. A sight so impressive as the Passion Music in St. Paul's Cathedral in Holy Week would be impossible in the Roman communion, not because its rulers are insensible to the majesty and devotion of such a service, but because the chronic jealousy of the laity has long made the idea of such co-operation impossible. The suggestion of it would be like having proposed to Napoleon III. to copy our Volunteer movement.

We have said, however, that there was one feature in the ceremonial which did not lack emphasis. This was the personal attention paid by the laws of Roman ceremonial to the Cardinal-Archbishop, as celebrating pontifically. His dress during the procession was of course a cope, of blue and silver, and during the mass a chasuble of the same materials, while he retired from the church a cardinal robed in scarlet. We say nothing as to the intrinsic character of such changes in themselves; we only desire to remark that, although a man may with dignity put on a vesture in public, it is not so easy to take one off with similar success. Under the best of circumstances it is not an impressive sight to see a person sitting by an altar and having a garment pulled over his head, though that garment be a chasuble and not a shirt. Another and more serious train of thought is raised by the interruption of the proper action of the service when the whole clerical body, both about the altar and in the *coro*, had to go up and kiss the prelate's hand. The action in itself was just as laudable as a similar homage to the sovereign at a levee. But the moment jarred. Before or after the celebration it would have been quite appropriate. In the middle of it, it seemed for the time being to invert the relations of the doer and of the thing which he was doing.

There was nothing about the ceremonial which an average bystander judging by his eye could have fairly called gross or palpably superstitious. There was nothing even in bad taste, except the exaggerated prominence given to the dignity of the officiator over the solemnity of the occasion. It was simply cold, rapid, and unimpressive. It presented, in short, the normal weakness (speaking only as to its external aspects) of modern Roman ceremonial, inherited as that was from mediæval times. It broke down from its own ambitious complexity. Elaborated as it was in mediæval abbeys, where the problem was not how to get through the day's work, but how to make the work long enough for the day, it attempted to compass so vast a series of elaborate symbolism as to be unworkable in this busy age, except at the cost of neglecting that emphasis of each distinctive point which can alone from liturgic or dramatic considerations—the adjectives are not so very different in meaning—justify the retention of the system. Accordingly it is currently accepted, in each case of a high mass (or indeed of a low one as well), as having both an esoteric and an exoteric character. The esoteric one is of course the whole corpus of symbolical teaching and representation found within the boards of the Missal. The exoteric is neither more nor less than a tableau, which is apt to fail because it is neither statuesque enough for dignity nor, on the other hand, sufficiently lively in its changes of pose. The worst which we desire to make the most prejudiced flatter with neo-Roman practices think of such a ceremonial as that in use now at Burgos is that, within the genuine limits and along the legitimate lines of the Church of England, there is room for something far more really impressive and reverential. Very little use was made of the artistic effects of artificial light; nothing indeed was lighted but the regular altar candles and eight large tapers which stood in the huge silver candlesticks placed, four on each side, upon the steps. We were also surprised at the absence of

decoration applied to the fabric. Nothing, in fact, could be found except some faded red hangings hiding the side arches of the sanctuary. No one who is at all familiar with foreign ways would have looked for those elaborate patterns of flowers and foliage which have amongst us and in our time grown out of the holly sprigs of Christmas; but the graceful Belgian practice of brightening up the churches on great days with orange or oleander trees in tubs might have reached a more southern climate. We have before now wisely smiled at the English custom in its young lady and sweet curate aspect; yet we are not the less conscious of its healthy side as a cheering manifestation of the laity's proprietorship in the churches and of their interest in the services. But such running powers conceded to them are just what the narrow sacerdotalism of genuine Romanism dreads and avoids. The churches may be dressed or may be naked, but it is the clergy who decide the matter, and the congregation must take what they find. No doubt such manifestations as the banners and ex-votos of Lourdes seem to tell against this statement; but those are articles of property (whether valuable or trumpery) given right away, so there is no objection to take them; while the recognition of lay control, however transitory and superficial, would be intolerable unless (as in Germany) the relations of services and building have been reduced to a condition of mere tenancy under the supreme dictatorship of the civil power.

We have purposely kept to the last the great defect of this or of any other High Mass in the eyes of an impartial student of Christian antiquity, under which term we intentionally and emphatically include the Roman ritual itself in its original and unadulterated form. The form of words which can only be called the Roman Mass (however widely differing in detail from that of the nineteenth century) was in existence in days when any celebration of it unaccompanied by the communion of the congregation would have been counted as an impossibility or banned as a sacrilege; and the restoration of this feeling was in our eyes a most distinguishing merit of the English Reformation. There is indeed no more impressive religious spectacle than the crowded communions on some great festival which every zealous English clergyman, whether High or Low, has in our time learned to command. Yet nothing would more certainly imperil it than an unintelligent mimicry of Roman practice. No doubt everything which took place at Burgos might have occurred *plus* a lay communion; but, as a fact, the substitution of gazing for communicating, and the other specialities of the actual High Mass as carried out in practice, grew up together under circumstances which make it impossible to disbelieve in their mutual connexion. The suspicion (on whatever grounds it may have been formed) that a tenderness (to say the least) towards this evil practice of Rome has crept into some Ritualistic quarters is not only a very serviceable firebrand in the hands of the Church Persecution Company, but may well make moderate and learned bystanders pause and fear. The development in England of the ceremonial and artistic elements of worship is, we believe, inevitable unless it should be thwarted by the mismanagement of its own votaries. Such a mishap is far from difficult, and no surer way can be pointed out for its attainment than setting up as the model of English worship that portentous result of centuries of accident—the existing Roman ritual—in which words and actions so constantly contradict each other in a dazzling blaze of complicated confusion.

ON BOARD A P. AND O.

THE French say, with some truth, that Englishmen can express about half their ideas by the use of two words—namely, "fast" and "board." To be on board a large mail steamer is an experience very common with Englishmen; but the actual feelings of those who travel in this way must vary in every case, not only according to a man's mind, but according to his stomach. To be lodged with some hundreds of people in a great floating hotel, cut off from all the disagreeable excitements of civilized life, the postman's knock, the afternoon visitor, the telegram—to be face to face with nature in one of its grandest aspects, as we are constantly reminded by the sentimental portion of our fellow-travellers—is to see life, it might be thought, under very favourable conditions. But the reality is not so sweet. As we float down the Solent on a calm sea, a lovely view of the Isle of Wight in front, the sun setting behind the trees of the New Forest, and nothing to disturb the peaceful beauty of the scene but the long and hideous redness of Netley Hospital and the sound of the dinner-bell, we are likely to anticipate more enjoyment than will really fall to our share. The first interruption to our dream of happiness is probably caused by seeing the visitors leave by the little Southampton steamer. Husbands parting from wives, parents from children, lovers from lovers, are an interesting sight, but one which we do not care to see again. The comic aspects are so mixed up with the tragic, the kisses with the tears, that the indifferent looker-on is doubtful whether to laugh or cry. Here is a man coming on board in a state of semi-intoxication, not drunk enough to be happy, and evidently struggling with the imperfect recollection of some secret which he wishes to impart before he and his friend are finally separated. A father and mother bid their son farewell with a look of being heartily glad to get rid of a prodigal; and the young man weeps, while even the mother's eyes are dry. There may be a trace of repentance in his face, and he has probably found life at home too pleasant to be willingly given up. A bride with floods of tears, a

red nose, and redder eyes, parts from her sisters with frantic embraces, her husband looking on helplessly and but half pleased. But a great rush of steam, a groan and a fizzle combined, and we are off; the little steamer disappears in a cloud of waving handkerchiefs, and those of us who have suffered no bereavement are at leisure to observe with disappointment that the prettiest face has departed, and that the ladies who remain have almost all the appearance of suffering from colds in the head. Presently we begin to take stock of our surroundings. The sleeping-cabin is very small for four. The large portmanteau can only be crushed under the sofa, and a surgical operation may be needful for its extraction. The washing appliances seem very deficient. The bed is very hard. It suddenly dawns on the memory that a favourite cigar-case is at the bottom of the box under the bed, and the mind is disturbed by the thought that, of the companions of the cabin, one is sure to be sick, and at least one to snore. Before rough water is reached the dinner-bell rings, and there is a contest, not always very good-tempered, as to a seat near the captain. By degrees, however, settlements take place; those who cannot get near the captain endeavour to sit opposite a pretty face, or near the door, or where there is a chair, and so on, until everybody is satisfied or at least seated. But dinner is not a success. A pallor attacks your next neighbour's countenance. In the middle of your best anecdote he smiles at you vacantly for a moment, then hardly pausing to mutter an excuse, he rises and disappears to return no more. One by one about half the guests at table leave it before the conclusion of the banquet, and you feel a sense of personal injury when ominous sounds, as of a human being in distress, reach you from the neighbouring cabin. Perhaps your turn follows, perhaps you escape; but, next to being ill yourself, it is worst to witness the sufferings of others, even if sympathy has no place among your moral qualities; and your first evening at sea closes in gloom. Your own sufferings may be slight, but the motion of the ship causes qualms. You have a feeling of being subjected to indignity as the rolling rudely shakes you from your seat, or takes your feet from under you. There is something humiliating in running down the deck and staggering up again as if you were very drunk indeed, and when bed-time comes, you go to your berth considerably saddened, and your mind clouded with a doubt that it might have been better after all to have taken your wife and children to the seaside.

As the days pass, and calmer latitudes are reached, the whole company of passengers meet again, and various phases of sea-going character present themselves. Some pace the deck in solitary meditation. Some seat themselves in a shady corner and observe what goes on around them with sleepy eyes. The ladies lie back on the chairs with which the quarter-deck is crowded, and make oft-repeated remarks on the sea and sky. A smoking tent has been rigged up, and there the men assemble to talk as they take tobacco, and give their opinions to the little world on things in general. It is there that the universal traveller holds forth, he who has surveyed the world from China to Peru, and who has apparently brought back only a knowledge of the iniquity of the British Government, the discomfort of foreign hotels, the loss of money by exchange, and the comparative venom of different breeds of mosquitoes. You ask him if he has been in Ceylon, or Norway, as the case may be, and he tells you of the price of wine at Colombo, or the bad tea they gave him at Christiania; or you ask him about the latest revolution among the South American States, and he replies with the remark that all Portuguese settlers are rascals, and proves it by an account of how a Spaniard cheated him about a horse. If you inquire as to the customs of the Dyaks of Borneo, he begins a series of criticisms on the steamboat arrangements of Rajah Brooke. To him travelling in itself is an end. He does not boast of the lands and cities he has "done," but talks as if doing them were an unmitigated annoyance to him. He complains of the world because it is too easily exhausted, and laments that there are so few regions left to be traversed. He can tell you nothing about any place he has visited, except how to get there and how to get away again, and if you devote an evening to cross-examining him in the hope of obtaining some information, you are continually disappointed, and find in the end that you have lost the time you might have much more profitably devoted to reading a geography book. Beside him is a gentleman whose brogue, coupled with his irregular use of will and shall, betrays his origin, who informs you in five minutes of all the particulars you care to hear of his birth, parentage, and education, of his relationship to Lord So-and-so, and the name of his wife's first husband. He confesses to having been born in Dublin, but vows he never set foot in it since. He startles you by confessing that he was convicted of Fenianism, and soothes you again by an interminable anecdote, told to show you that he was or is a man of property, and that in a hand-to-hand fight he can lick all before him. He knows every celebrated author in the three kingdoms, despises most of them, and wonders how any one can read their works, for he cannot. It is indeed soon evident that in the last particular he tells the truth. How far his other stories are to be believed you cannot easily decide. On the whole, however, he is a more agreeable companion than the argumentative voyager, a man who always takes the other side, whatever may be your view, who invariably breaks down in the main point of his argument, and seldom fails to forget before he has done which was the side he originally undertook to support. Then there is the serious traveller, who makes it a business to go abroad, who would not visit any country without an object, who sighs deeply as he

tells you he has to get to Japan before the middle of January, as it is his duty, evidently a painful one, to investigate the history and practice of Go-bang in its native country. You cannot play chess with him because he knows every gambit and opening, and tells you, when you make your third move, that he will checkmate you in twenty-one or twenty-two moves, as the case may be. He has made whist a special study, and informs you that when he lived in India he hired a native at so much a month to play double dummy with him. He contrasts well with the young lady who travels for no earthly reason, who does not know exactly where she is going, or whence she is coming, who begins the *Last Days of Pompeii* on the first afternoon of the voyage and gets well into the second chapter by the time she lands, under the impression that she will be able to make up a knowledge of the Bay of Naples from its pages. She admires the coast of Portugal, thinks Cintra very romantic, but has never heard of the Convention, and forgets whether it is Madrid or Lisbon which lies at the mouth of the Tagus. On the whole, she affords you the most entertaining company if you are in quest of rest, and wish to give your mind as little trouble in directing your tongue as you can. The children on board are also a great resource; and perhaps the young soldiers going to fight the battles of their country in India come next. The children are perhaps scarcely so simple as the officers. They lay little plots for your capture, lie in ambush for you in the companion, ruin your repeater with constant striking, and break your back by making you carry them about from morning to night. The young heroes are less pleasing and also less troublesome. They smoke incessantly, perhaps in the vain hope of colouring their scanty moustaches. They talk of their regiment, though they have never seen it, and are curious in bootjacks and cigarettes. They go to their destination with a feeling that they may have to bleed in their country's cause, which helps to ennoble them, and on the whole they afford an interesting and even touching spectacle to the true philosopher. If he watches them when they imagine themselves in comparative seclusion—there is no real seclusion on board—he sees a photograph book brought out from the secret recess of a portmanteau, and when the boy's eyes are raised from the mother's or the sister's likeness, they are full of tears. He need not be ashamed of them, though he wipes them away so fast as he catches your gaze; it is to such young Englishmen England may have to look in an hour of trial.

The minor accessories of life on board vary in every voyage. It is sometimes interesting to look at the turbaned Indians who have been to visit the realm of their Empress, have been fêted and petted, and are returning with ideas strangely compounded of England as a great and beneficent mother and as a place full of loot. They sit during the day with a "Complete Letter-writer" in their hands, reading from it half-aloud, and brighten up if you address them in Hindustani. You may also study the ship's stokers as they lie on the engine gratings and twang the light banjo or sew long seams in grey shirtings. There are many blacks of various degrees of obscurity on board, and one of them startles you in the grey dawn as he brandishes a razor above your lowly pillow and asks you to rise and be shaved. The noise is incessant, but you soon cease to mind it, though the cruelty and irony of fate are exemplified in the presence of a barrel-organ, which a grinning Italian from Saffron Hill grinds all evening. Even this you can bear with unusual equanimity; your nerves have not been shaken for days by a postman's knock or a railway whistle. As you near the end of your voyage a kind of regret comes over you that in all probability you will never see any of your companions again, and that, though you might have fought or fallen in love if you had gone much further together, there is a pair of grey eyes, fringed with black eyelashes, which will live long in your memory, and perhaps help to occupy that crowded organ which you designate your heart.

ST. WERBURGH'S, BRISTOL.

IT needs a very sharp-eyed sentinel indeed to keep watch over all the monuments of ancient art and history which are day by day threatened with destruction. We do not profess to have solved the depth and mystery of the amazing news from Christchurch in Hampshire. The tale told was that, seemingly on the principle that one Countess is the same as another, the tomb which had been designed for Margaret of Salisbury was about to be applied as the resting-place of a lady of our own times. Henry the Eighth, indeed, took care that Countess Margaret's tomb should never be more than "an empty cenotaph"; but the very fact that it is only an empty cenotaph is the most instructive part of the history of the tomb. If the phrase be not a bull, we cannot afford that the absent martyr should be displaced by the presence of any one of less renown; and it is not only the genealogist who might protest against making the last Plantagenet give way even to the glories of the house of Harris. But all this is by the way; only one act of barbarism, or contemplated barbarism, or alleged barbarism, suggests another. Our immediate purpose is to speak a word, while a word is not too late, to save from destruction a monument of English art which, if it is to be saved at all, must be saved before the present year has come to an end. Our story is a very simple one. St. Werburgh's Church at Bristol is, as our readers already know*, doomed

to perish in order to widen a street. In London, at least in the City of London, such a process seems to happen daily; and, whatever is to be said for or against such a course on any other grounds, it is only now and then that any special feeling of art or antiquity is wounded by the destruction of one of the buildings which have sprung up since the great Fire. The City churches have their memories, memories which it is often a pity to part with; but, with a few exceptions, those memories belong to buildings which have already perished. In the other ancient cities of England, those which did not go through the purgatory of a general fire in the seventeenth century, the case is different. In them the local memories commonly belong to the actual buildings themselves, and the loss of any one of them is a more direct blow to local, and thereby to general, history. We are far from saying that there are no cases in which such associations must give way to the practical needs of modern times; but surely the work should be done very tenderly; surely nothing should be allowed to perish which can by any means be kept. We cannot afford lightly to give up any fragment of Old York, of Old Chester, or of Old Lincoln, of Old Exeter, or of Old Bristol. St. Werburgh's Church, standing in the very heart of ancient Bristol, in the old peninsular borough which was the kernel of the city that has spread so far north and south of it, is a special memory of the old days of the great merchant town of the West. Its dedication, preserving the name of a Mercian saint whose memory lives on the Dee as well as on the Avon, is itself a piece of history, and it has been pressed into the service of theories which, whether sound or not, are, to say the least, highly ingenious. The building itself, nothing very extraordinary in the land where it stands, is yet a good specimen of the local style, and, in less favoured parts of the island, it might pass for something wonderful. Yet, notwithstanding all this, it is perfectly possible that there may be good reasons for sweeping St. Werburgh's Church away. We say nothing now of the arguments on either side, and need not stop to pronounce judgment either way. But when, at the last moment, a cry is sent up to save one part, and that the most striking part, of the ancient building, we cannot help wishing that cry good luck; we cannot help joining in it ourselves, as far as our powers go. A circular which sounds like a very cry of despair lies before us. From this it seems that there is at least some faint hope of saving the tower. The tower is a good specimen of the local Perpendicular style; it is a tower which, if it stood in almost any other part of England, or indeed in this part of England in less near neighbourhood to such a rival as St. Stephen's, would be set down as a very fine tower indeed. And, even where it stands, it has its special use in leading up—physically down, it is—to its greater neighbour. A grand building does not look the less grand because the eye is prepared for it by something of its own class which is not quite its equal. And yet it would be possible to raise the question whether St. Werburgh's tower does, after all, rank so very much below St. Stephen's. It cannot, indeed, compare with it for height or for enrichment; but we can fancy that to some eyes it may really seem to be a more pleasing artistic composition. Its destruction would be a real loss among the many monuments which still remain, after many that have perished, of the old historic Bristol. And there does seem some hope of saving it, if an effort can be made now at the last moment. Our circular runs thus:—

This tower is now condemned, and the only way of saving it for the city is to induce the corporation by a gift of money to retain it as a civic monument. This must be done on or before January the first, 1877.

We confess that we do not exactly understand the nature of the process. We do not know exactly what is meant by a "civic monument," or in what particular way the "gift of money" is to work on the mind of the corporation. But our Bristol friends doubtless know best how to manage their own local rulers; and it is much better that St. Werburgh's tower should be kept as a civic monument, whatever that may be, than that it should utterly perish. The circular goes on to say that "before the fatal decision of the Town Council" certain sums had been offered by various persons, among others by the Mayor, who thus seems not to have consented to the counsel and deed of his brethren. The circular adds:—

It is proposed to raise £1,500, and any other sums that may be found to be requisite. It is confidently expected that such a public feeling for our ancient Bristol monuments exists that the whole amount will be forthcoming by January 1st, and it is hoped that such a substantial expression of public feeling will induce the Town Council to retain a monument the destruction of which would cause the city shame and regret.

We own that we are still a little in the dark. We are not told why the thing must be settled on the 1st of January. We are not told how the subscription is to influence the Town Council; we are not told whether it is certain that any amount of subscription will influence the Town Council. We might have been pleased if the circular before us had been more explicit on these points; but we are not inclined to find fault, or in any way to throw cold water on a scheme to which we heartily wish success. It will indeed be matter of shame and regret to the city of Bristol if St. Werburgh's tower is swept away. And, when the time is so short, those in Bristol or out of Bristol, who wish to lend a hand must be quick in doing it. The name of the Mayor appears as one of those who are ready to receive subscriptions; he would doubtless be also able to enlighten those who may be a little puzzled by the words of the circular as to the way in which those subscriptions are to be applied.

* See *Saturday Review*, August 12, 1876.

BARON VON PALM'S INCINERATION.

SOME months ago the New York papers daily favoured their readers with full particulars of the most minute and disgusting character as to the sufferings and medical treatment of old "Commodore Vanderbilt," who was then supposed to be on his death-bed. The Commodore is not dead yet, and has perhaps only been humouring the popular delusion as to his condition for the sake of hearing what the journals had to say about him; for not only the sickening details of his illness, but scandalous features in his previous life, were freely disclosed for the gratification of public curiosity. Mr. Vanderbilt's obdurate resistance to the fate which had so confidently and kindly been predicted for him has evidently been a great disappointment to many of his countrymen, and the newspapers have given up taking any notice of his continued existence. He has, however, if he desires it, another chance—we are afraid it is his only one—of making himself again an object of interest, and that is by dying as soon as possible, and leaving directions for having his body cremated, or, as the American phrase is, incinerated. A certain Joseph Henry Louis Charles, Baron von Palm, Grand Commander of the Sovereign Order of the Holy Roman Empire, Knight of St. John of Malta, has just taken this course, and, even in the midst of the present political excitement in the United States, has obtained since his death a large share of public attention. The Baron was, or gave out that he was, a Suabian nobleman; he had travelled much, and finally settled in the United States, having become a devoted disciple of the Theosophical Society of New York, to the President of which, Colonel Olcott, he has left by will all his property, including a number of castles in his native country, the title-deeds of which are somehow missing. He died in May last, and an autopsy showed, it is said, that he had been suffering from a hopeless complication of diseases, and that it was marvellous he had lived so long. The body was then embalmed, and a curious funeral service was held over it in the Masonic Temple. Afterwards, however, either because of directions left by the deceased, or by the resolution of the persons who had charge of the corpse, it was arranged that it should be burned at Washington, not the capital of the Union, but a small town in Pennsylvania, which has, it seems, a town-hall, a State University, a soldiers' monument, and a railway-station, but has never before had an opportunity of enjoying any great public excitement. Indeed even the ceremonies connected with the final disposal of the Baron in his mortal form do not appear to have excited it very much, though they are deemed worthy of being reported in minute detail by the New York journals. The tone which the *New York Herald* adopts on the subject may be inferred from such headings as "A Theosophical Roast," "Humors of Cremation," "The Baron's Dry Bones," and so on; but the *New York Times* deals with it seriously. The "crematory" is, we learn, a small brick building, about thirty feet square, and costing not more than 1,600 dollars, including the furnace. It consists of only two chambers, one a reception-room, and the other the furnace. The reception-room is very quietly and simply furnished with a few wooden chairs, a movable wooden catafalque, and a columbanium, closely resembling a book-case, with shelves and glass windows, which is intended for the temporary reception of the ashes of the incinerated ones. The furnace is constructed on the Martin-Seimens principle, and consists of a brick and fire-brick structure, ten feet long, six wide, and six high, inclosing a fire-clay retort of semi-cylindrical shape, large enough for a human body, which can easily be raised to a white heat by a small hand-worked fan-blast, and has flues for carrying off any gases which may be generated within. The "invited guests," who, such was the world-wide interest of the event, included "a large delegation of newspaper Correspondents from all parts, even from England, France, and Germany," arrived at eight o'clock in the morning, and found outside the crematory a "noisy pushing crowd of the young women and men of the place," who are described as coarse in their ideas and conduct, and making many a brutal joke concerning the dead man, to the disgust of the more respectable visitors. All who were admitted, after a hasty glance at the shrouded corpse, paid a visit to the furnace-room, and then returned to the reception-room, and joined in a discussion as to the condition of the body, which the Correspondent thought rather unpleasant. The cloth was removed from the face, and it was observed that the lips were shrunken, the sockets of the eyes empty, the eyeballs having sunk, and the skin, which had been treated with embalming powder, still in a certain degree pliable, like softened leather. In fact, "the mummyfying process," which had first been tried, was only half-completed, and would, in the opinion of the writer, have required six months more to carry it out thoroughly.

It must be admitted that the Correspondent did his best to bring before his readers the nasty aspects of this exhibition. "The colour of the flesh," he records, "adds greatly to the painful appearance of the face. The best impression that I can give of it is that it resembles very much the shade of a pink plum that has become decayed without losing all its bloom. Although artificial desiccation was undoubtedly going on, the flesh seemed still to be full of the virus of decomposition." He tells us that he was painfully struck by the levity, not only of the crowd outside, but of some of the limited number of invited guests, "who seemed to regard the remains of the Baron with as little feeling as ordinary wedding parties regard the bridegroom." Some of the Baron's more sympathetic friends, however, had showered on the body roses and other flowers; and it is mentioned as a

practical detail that the winding-sheet was thoroughly saturated with alum, to prevent it from blazing when the wearer was thrust into the furnace. The Correspondent looked at the matter from a strictly practical point of view, for he mentions that at first he was afraid the fire was not kept up enough, and that "the body would be slowly baked to a crisp instead of being properly incinerated, which would apparently have been a great disappointment to his experimentalizing friends." He was also apparently charmed with the quiet, business-like style in which the process was conducted. There were "no religious services, no addresses, no music, no climax such as would have thrown solemnity over the occasion. There was not one iota of ceremony. Everything was done as business-like as possible." The retort containing the body was slid into the furnace, head foremost; and, as it reached the further end, some evergreens which had been placed round the head burst into a blaze, and were quickly consumed. The writer, in spite of his business-like predilections, seems to have thought this a very neat and artistic feature; "the flowers," he says, "formed, as it were, a crown of glory for the dead man."

The door of the retort was then closed, and screwed up tight, and the heat was quickly increased. The Correspondent seems from this moment to have kept his eye pretty steadily at the little peep-hole which allowed a sight of the inside of the retort; at first nothing could be seen, on account of the steam, but he had the satisfaction before long of "plainly detecting the odour of burning flesh," though it was not so strong as he expected, and "was soon lost in the more pungent odour of the aromatics." Later on he noticed that the retort "presented the appearance of a radiant solar disc of a very warm rather than brilliant colour"; and every flower and evergreen was reduced to a red-hot ash condition, though retaining its shape. At the same time, he could see that the alum-soaked winding-sheet still enfolded the body; a fact which answers, he suggests, "one of the avowed objections to cremation," the indecorous exhibition of the body. It may be thought, however, that the most natural way of meeting this difficulty would have been by not allowing a peep-hole for the gratification of a morbid and indecent curiosity. Soon after this the shroud began to be charred at the head, and "all were rejoiced to see that the heat was increasing rapidly," and that their dear friend was being done, not to a crisp, but completely to a turn. Just at this moment a remarkable muscular action of the corpse occurred, almost, it is said, amounting to a phenomenon, though it was capable of easy explanation. The left hand rose, with the fingers pointing upwards, no doubt under the influence of muscular contraction under fire. An hour later the body presented the appearance of absolute incandescence, and looked red-hot. As the retort continued to become hotter, "the rosy mist assumed a golden tinge," and the soles of the feet "gradually assumed a certain transparency similar in character, but more luminous, to the appearance of the hand when the fingers are held between the eye and a brilliant light. When the body had been in the furnace for about two hours and a half, the cremation was announced to be practically complete. It seemed that a previous experiment had been made with sheep, but the human body grilled fastest. In spite of the blistering and painful heat of the furnace, the Correspondent still applied his eye to the peep-hole, and watched the gradual subsidence of the corpse into ashes, "a glowing mass of white light and intense heat." The cremation was kept up altogether for four hours, and the Correspondent, who is not without a certain sensitiveness, congratulates himself that "one very unpleasant contingency was avoided by the previous removal of fluids from the body"—otherwise it would, it seems, have exploded. "The question of cremation is, however," it is remarked, "still affected by the, to loving relatives, objectionable feature" of a possibility of this contingency occurring in other cases. At noon the firemen began to draw the fires, the vent-hole was closed up, and "the furnace and Baron von Palm were left to quietly cool off by themselves." The ashes were afterwards placed in an ancient Hindoo burial urn. The Correspondent thinks it may interest some people to know that the direct outlay for the cremation was forty bushels of coke, at four cents a bushel, and thirty-four hours' labour, at sixteen cents an hour—total, seven dollars and four cents.

This is only the second case of cremation known in modern days in America, the first being that of a planter named Laurens, in South Carolina, who some fifty years ago made it a condition with his heirs that his body should be burned. Accordingly, this was done after the ancient method in the open air upon a pile of wood. The circumstance, it appears, raised much discussion at the time, and was "generally condemned as being a revival of the pagan precedent." Now, however, "it is defended by the highest medical authority in the interest of the living"; and Dr. Le Moyné, who undertook the incineration of Baron von Palm at his own expense, and without fees, "so that this method of disposing of the dead shall be within reach of the poorest people," says he has received applications to see the burning from a number of persons sufficient to fill the two largest halls in the town where his "crematory" is. It would appear that the weak side of American character is in the disposition to admire, or at least to take an interest in, whatever establishes a sensational notoriety, as has been seen in the cases of Fisk, Tweed, Beecher, and others; and it will be interesting to observe how far the fascination of this new method of sepulture is likely to make it popular in America. There is indeed an attraction for a certain class of minds, or perhaps we should say natures, in following out to the last point the process of destruction by which our mortal burdens are dis-

posed of; and keeping an eye on the various phases of colour and incandescence on the part of a corpse cremated in a furnace is possibly more interesting than the ordinary details of a funeral. The absence of any religious emotion or ceremony would also recommend this "business-like" system to another class. Whether the probability of there being a graphic and popular account of the appearance of the body under this system of combustion in the newspapers will be likely to multiply votaries in America remains to be seen; but it is perhaps not going too far to assume that such tastes do not prevail over here, and that the prospect of full particulars being published of the stages, chromatic and otherwise, of incineration or cremation, or whatever it may be called, is likely to have on this side of the ocean rather a deterring effect.

THE POPE'S LETTER ON THE VATICAN DECREES

WE are indebted to the *Tablet* for our knowledge of a somewhat remarkable letter addressed by the Pope to a German Bishop, which appears to have been published "not in a very regular manner," but must be presumed, as "it has already been reproduced by the French Catholic press," to be a genuine document. It refers to the case of certain German priests who have, after considerable delay, just given in their adhesion to the infallibilist dogma of the Vatican Council, but in doing so have made certain reservations, which his Holiness severely condemns. "They declare that they had either only made up their minds to submit because they saw those Bishops who had defended the opposite opinion in the Council accept the definition, or else that they admitted indeed the dogma defined, but without admitting the opportuneness of the definition." Now the first remark that occurs to one is that this is a strange comment on the favourite Ultramontane boast of the universal acceptance of the Vatican decrees throughout the Roman communion—with the exception, indeed, which is carefully kept out of sight, of Bishop Strossmayer, who has not promulgated, and is understood not to intend to promulgate, them in his extensive and important diocese. Here we find a body of German priests only making their submission at the end of six years, and then accompanying it with such reservations as to throw serious doubts, if not on the sincerity, certainly on the thoroughness, of their acceptance. It is clear that they did not regard the authority of the Council as final, or they would not have waited to see how the opposition Bishops acted afterwards; and they openly avow their unchanged conviction that its action was unwise. The Pope, as all that we know of him would lead us to expect, is very plain-spoken in his comments on these stiff-necked and backward converts to the Vatican standard of orthodoxy. With regard to their deferring their submission till the opposition Bishops had conformed to the new dogma, his Holiness observes that the decisions of General Councils are infallible by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and can derive no additional force from the assent of men; nor can their acceptance be made dependent even on "the praiseworthy act of this or that Bishop," among those who "opposed the definition and were condemned by it," in afterwards retracting his opposition. If this had been permissible, he adds, no heresy could have been efficaciously proscribed. And, lastly, the recalitrants are reminded that the same principle applies to the definitions of Ecumenical Councils and of the Supreme Pontiffs, which are also—as has now been infallibly ruled—"irreformable of themselves, and not in virtue of the consent of the Church." As to the second point, his Holiness informs his half-hearted disciples that it is "still more absurd" for those who accept the definition to persist in calling it inopportune. There were various practical reasons to demonstrate its opportuneness, which are glanced at; but that is not the main point. "If the definitions of Ecumenical Councils are infallible precisely because they flow from the wisdom and counsel of the Holy Spirit, nothing surely can be more absurd than to think that the Holy Spirit teaches, indeed, things which are true, but may still teach them inopportune." There is some force, it must be admitted, in the Pontifical logic on this point. It has always seemed to us rather odd for those who believe the Pope to be infallible to think he was mistaken in asserting his infallibility. Indeed the strongest ground by far for questioning the "opportuneness" of the Vatican definition has always appeared to us to be that so momentous and fundamental a verity, on which all other Christian truths depend, ought not to have been withheld from the Christian world till the close of the nineteenth century. However, we are not concerned here with the justice of the inopportunist view, but with the fact, which is notorious, that it is maintained by some of the most eminent among those Roman Catholics who have reluctantly felt themselves bound to acquiesce in the results of the Vatican Council.

And this brings us to notice the singular fact (which the *Tablet* naturally omits to mention) that the censure pronounced by his Holiness on these German priests can only strike—as it was very probably intended to strike—them through the sides of no less a personage than Dr. Newman. That the greatest living divine of the Roman Church has loyally submitted to what he believes to be her irreversible judgment is true. But it is not the less true that he has alike put on record his deliberate and sorrowful conviction of its extreme "inopportune," and the fact that he also deferred his acceptance of the dogma, though not for so long as these German priests, till he saw what course the opposition Bishops would pursue. Our readers may recollect a letter of his, addressed to

Bishop Ullathorne, which originally got into print without his knowledge or sanction, but was afterwards published "by permission" in the *Standard* of April 7, 1870, and will be found at page 355 of the *Letters of Quirinus*. It is true that he has since "withdrawn it from circulation so far as he can, by declaring that it was never meant for the public eye," but he has not intimated any retraction of the opinions expressed in it. Now in that letter, after sharply criticizing the line taken by certain Ultramontane journals, English, French, and Italian, which are named, Dr. Newman proceeds to speak of the proposed definition of Papal infallibility as "sudden thunder in the clearest sky," and something by which "no impending danger is to be averted, but a great difficulty is to be created." He adds that, while he has no personal difficulty about the doctrine, it "may be most difficult to maintain logically in the face of historical facts"; and then follow several paragraphs—which read now almost like a prophecy—dwelling with pathetic earnestness on the grave practical evils which such a definition would entail, winding up with the emphatic statement:—"If it be God's will that the Pope's infallibility be defined, then it is God's will to throw back the times and moments of that triumph which He has destined for His kingdom, and I shall feel I have but to bow my head to His adorable, inscrutable Providence." A stronger assertion of the inopportune of the definition could hardly be put into words. It is "withdrawn from circulation" in the author's well known *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, in reply to Mr. Gladstone's *Expostulation*; but, so far from giving any hint of a change of view on the point in question, that very Letter contains abundant evidence to the contrary. Not only are the strictures on the "violence and cruelty" of the Ultramontane press and the kindred "feeling too prevalent in many places" reiterated again and again, and in much stronger language, but the author adds emphatically—writing four years and a half after the Council was over—"It was this most keen feeling which made me say, as I did continually, 'I will not believe that the Pope's infallibility will be defined till defined it is.'" No further evidence need be adduced of Dr. Newman's agreement with the views of the German clergy, "than which nothing can be more absurd," as to the opportuneness of the Vatican definition.

Let us turn now to what he says on the other, which is a still more vital point. The definition of a General Council, according to the Pope's missive, is to be received at once, and "does not draw either its force or its character from the assent of men," including that of the opposing Bishops. As soon as it is made known, "it requires full and entire consent dependent on no condition." Dr. Newman quotes, in the work already referred to, two letters of his own, written after the Vatican dogma had been proclaimed, and discussing whether it is binding, and he maintains in both that it could not as yet be considered obligatory, because the assent of the minority was still uncertain. In the first he says, "Were it not for certain circumstances, under which the Council made the definition, I should receive it at once. Even as it is, if I am called upon to profess it, I should be unable, considering it came from the Holy Father and the competent local authorities, at once to refuse to do so. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that there are reasons for a Catholic, till better informed, to suspend his judgment on its validity." The grave "circumstances" which raise this doubt are thus explained:—

We all know that ever since the opening of the Council, there has been a strenuous opposition to the definition of the doctrine; and that, at the time when it was actually passed, more than eighty Fathers absented themselves from the Council, and would have nothing to do with its act. But, if the fact be so, that the Fathers were not unanimous, is the definition valid? This depends on the question whether unanimity, at least moral, is or is not necessary for its validity? As at present advised I think it is; certainly Pius IV. lays great stress on the unanimity of the Fathers in the Council of Trent. "Quibus rebus perfectis," he says in his Bull of Promulgation, "concilium tantâ omnium qui illi interfuerunt concordia peractum fuit, ut consensum plane a Domino effectum esse constiterit; idque in nostris atque omnium oculis valde mirabile fuerit."

Far different has been the case now—though the Council is not yet finished. But, if I must now at once decide what to think of it, I should consider that all turned on what the dissentient Bishops now do.

The writer goes on to state different ways in which the minority Bishops might actually or virtually withdraw their opposition; in which case, or "if the definition is consistently received by the whole body of the faithful," it will have a claim on the assent of Catholics on the great principle "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*"—that is, on the very principle which the Papal letter denounces as rendering any efficacious proscription of heresy impossible. "This, indeed," adds Dr. Newman, "is a broad principle by which all acts of the rulers of the Church are ratified. But for it we might reasonably question some of the past Councils or their acts." In his second letter he repeats that "nothing shall make me say that a mere majority in a Council, as opposed to a moral unanimity, in itself creates an obligation to receive its dogmatic decrees. This is a point of history and precedent." Certain considerations are then adduced which might lead or bind individual Catholics to accept this or that dogma without its having adequate conciliar authority. And the letter closes with the significant remark that "the question is not whether they [the Vatican majority] had a right to impose, or even were right in imposing, the dogma on the faithful; but whether, having done so, I have not an obligation to accept it according to the maxim, *Fieri non debet, factum valet*." Now we are not concerned here with the theological question of the authority or infallibility of General Councils, or the obligation of accepting their decrees. But there can be no doubt whatever, "as a point of history and precedent," that Dr. Newman is right. He

proceeds indeed in this very work to give a startling illustration from the Council of Ephesus of the recognized duty of submission to its decrees being dependent on the subsequent "assent of men":—

I think the third Ecumenical will furnish an instance of what I mean. There the question in dispute was settled and defined, even before certain constituent portions of the Episcopal body had made their appearance; and this, with a protest of 68 of the Bishops then present against 82. When the remaining 43 arrived, these did more than protest against the definition which had been carried; they actually anathematized the Fathers who carried it, whose number seems to have stood altogether at 124 against 111; and in this state of disunion the Council ended. How then was its definition valid? By after events, which I suppose must be considered complements, and integral portions of the Council. The heads of the various parties entered into correspondence with each other, and at the end of two years their differences with each other were arranged.

And then he refers to the heretical *Latrocinium* of twenty years later, which equally claimed Ecumenical authority, and whose claims were constantly suspended for lack of this "assent of men." The Arian Council of Rimini, also claiming to be Ecumenical, is another case in point. We may add that in his latest work, on the *Filioque* controversy, Dr. Pusey brings out clearly the curious fact—which will be new to most of his readers—that the Second Ecumenical Council, of Constantinople, to which we owe all the later clauses of the so-called Nicene Creed, was not generally received in the Church till seventy-one years after its close. The German priests, therefore, had excellent precedent for their delay; the only wonder is that they did not wait a little longer.

We shall not stay to reopen the question here, on which we have often touched, as to "the praiseworthy act" of the minority Bishops in yielding to superior force, to which the dogma owes whatever "reception by the whole body of the faithful" it may now be supposed to command. But it strikes one as rather strange that German priests, who must have had pretty good opportunities for gauging the moral value of this act of surrender, should have allowed their own convictions to be influenced by it. One of the sturdiest opponents of infallibility at the Council was Bishop Greith, of St. Gallen, in Switzerland, who, "as a learned theologian, declared himself against the definition on scientific grounds"—i.e. thought it false—"and as a Swiss Bishop, on account of the circumstances of his country"—i.e. thought it also inexpedient. But a more illustrious member of the minority, who was himself ultimately reduced to submission by the refusal of his "quinquennial faculties," Bishop Hefele, the historian, had taken the measure of his episcopal brother, when he said "Greith will yield as soon as he feels the knife at his throat." We do not know exactly when or how this pleasant process was accomplished; but it was reported only the other day that Bishop Greith had distinguished himself at the recent Conrad festival at Constance by a violent and gratuitous attack on the Old Catholics from the pulpit. The zeal of renegades is proverbial, but it has not usually been considered particularly deserving either of imitation or respect.

THE HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

A PARAGRAPH has appeared within the last few days in some of the morning newspapers, in which it is stated that, in view of the Horticultural Society at the beginning of next year surrendering possession of the ground which it has so long held without paying any rent, the Royal Commissioners are again in negotiation with certain "South Kensington inhabitants" with regard to the establishment of what is called a "Garden Company," which should "take over and maintain the gardens pretty much after the style and fashion in which the Society, as far as shows and exhibitions went, maintained them." In point of fact, the Society allowed everything to go to rack and ruin, and there is at this moment no more howling desolation than the grounds which they occupy; while as to the flower-shows, the gardeners were victimized by the promise of prizes which were not paid. It certainly does not seem desirable that a new Company should be started in order to manage this estate in the same manner as that which has brought such discredit on the Horticultural Society; and some better use might surely be found for such a piece of ground. The paragraph goes on to point out that, before the present project can be carried out, a serious difficulty must be met—that the claims of the debenture-holders of the Society, who have advanced some 50,000*l.*, must be satisfied. This is a question, however, which lies solely between the Society which borrowed and the persons who lent it money; and has nothing whatever to do with the future disposal of a valuable piece of public property which has too long been misappropriated, and can be legally used only for public purposes. It is important that this should be borne in mind, for a persistent attempt is apparently being made to represent this estate as having passed into the hands of certain interested speculators who are entitled to dispose of it to their own private advantage. It is also said that the Horticultural Society intends to claim compensation for its expenditure on the gardens and arcades at the desire of the Royal Commissioners; but the fact is that the Royal Commissioners supplied it with grants on this account, and that, if the accounts between the two bodies were gone into, the Society would be found to be indebted to the Commissioners to a very large amount. Again, we are told that, should the new "Garden Company"

be formed, it is likely that arrangements will be made to secure in some way the rights of the debenture-holders and life-fellows; and of course no objection can be made to any such arrangements as long as they do not involve the misappropriation of public property. The Horticultural Society obtained a lease of the land on certain conditions, which notoriously have not been fulfilled; it has held it all along on false pretences, and has for a number of years paid no rent whatever, and it has therefore no claim to compensation. It entered voluntarily into a contract with the Royal Commissioners on specified terms, and must be bound by it. If certain things were not done by a certain time, the land was to revert to the Commissioners, and that time has now arrived. What the Commissioners ought to do with it when they get it is of course another question, and it is one on which Parliament will, in one way or another, have to be consulted. There is evidently springing up all over the country a sharp competition for endowments which might be supplied from such a fund. Birmingham and Manchester are both demanding a share; and other towns will no doubt follow the example. There can be no doubt, however, that the application of the money should be to national, and not mere local, objects; and in this respect the new Scientific Museum at South Kensington would seem to have a strong claim, although among contending interests and institutions the choice will not be easy. But that is not the immediate question in this case. What is needful is to show that there is at least one of the proposals which has been made which cannot possibly be accepted, and that is that the so-called Horticultural Gardens should be turned into an enclosure, like the garden of a square or terrace, for the benefit of the landlords and tenants of the adjoining houses.

It happens that in the latest volume of the *Life of the Prince Consort* there is given as an appendix a memorandum by the Prince as to the disposal of the surplus from the Great Exhibition of 1851, a subject in which he was naturally much interested. There were then, as the Prince remarks in this paper, many schemes for its application, and a great movement was got up to have it expended in the purchase and maintenance of the Crystal Palace as a winter garden; and it is curious to find how he anticipated and condemned the proposal which is now being pressed. His views on this point are very clearly expressed in the following passages:—

In order to arrive at a sound opinion on what is to be done, we must ask ourselves: What are the objects the Exhibition had in view, how far these objects have been realised, and how far they can be further promoted.

I take the objects to have been: the promotion of every branch of human industry by means of the comparison of their processes and results as carried on and obtained by all the nations of the earth, and the promotion of kindly feelings of the nations towards each other by the practical illustration of the advantages which may be derived by each from the labours and achievements of the others.

Only in a close adherence to this governing idea, and in a consistent carrying out of what has been hitherto done, can we find a safe guide for future plans.

But even if this were not the case, it will be found that by former announcements to the public, we have distinctly pledged ourselves to expend any surplus which may accrue towards the establishment of future Exhibitions or objects strictly in connection with the present Exhibition.

The purchase of the Crystal Palace for the purpose of establishing a Winter Garden, or a Museum of Antiquities, or a public promenade, ride, lounging place, &c. &c., has, in my opinion, no connection whatever with the objects of the Exhibition. Our connection with the building has been an incidental one—namely, as a covering to our collection, and ceases with the dispersion of that collection; and, therefore, even if we were not bound by legal contracts to remove the building on a specified day, and the dictates of good faith did not induce us strictly to fulfil our moral engagements towards the public, even although released from our legal engagements, I consider that we have not the power to divert any part of the surplus towards providing the London, or even the British, public with a place of recreation.

The plan which the Prince himself approved was to purchase from twenty-five to thirty acres nearly opposite the site of the Crystal Palace, and place on it four Institutions corresponding to the four great sections of the Exhibition—Raw Materials, Machinery, Manufactures, and Plastic Art—the surplus space being laid out as gardens for public enjoyment, and so as to admit of the future erection of public monuments there, with perhaps a conservatory in the centre. The Prince was under the impression that all the Scientific Societies, such as the Geological, Botanical, Linnean, Zoological, Microscopical, Agricultural, the Civil Engineers, the Architects, Antiquaries, and so on, would be only too glad to seek refuge in the delightful academical grove which he had sketched out, and even that the National Gallery might be thrown in. This design, however, had not the advantage of being carried out under the guidance of the mind which conceived it. How different its development might then have been may be imagined; but unfortunately it fell into other hands, in which a great part of the fund has been wasted in foolish and disastrous mismanagement. What has now to be done is to rescue as much as remains of this national endowment, and to apply it to national purposes as nearly as possible associated with the object and principles of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The Scientific Museum of which we have spoken would seem to be the foremost claimant in this case, corresponding as it does to the Prince's ideal of an organization which should keep "the different nations in that immediate relation of mutual assistance by which these pursuits are incalculably advanced, and their good will towards each other permanently fortified." However

that may be, it is at least important that a fund of this kind should not be surrendered to private speculators and jobbers, and should for the future be kept clear of the discreditable characteristics which have hitherto surrounded the Horticultural Gardens.

THE THEATRES.

THE law of supply and demand would seem, as far as regards theatrical matters, to be for the present in abeyance. There can be little doubt that a demand for good plays exists; and yet the number of bad plays lately produced has been extraordinary, while there are only two new plays which combine merit with originality now being performed in London theatres. Mr. Toole's reappearance at the Gaiety has been made in a piece called *The Man in Possession*, by Mr. Albery, who once wrote a good play, and has since tried, without any marked success, to prove that it was not an accident. The theme of *The Man in Possession* is not unlike that of Mr. Gilbert's *Dan'l Druce*, but the circumstances through which the theme is worked out are neither probable nor attractive. A broker's man, who has brought up a girl to believe that she is his daughter, descended from an old family and possessed of boundless wealth, the family portraits and jewels being represented by objects acquired in the course of his trade, is a figure out of which Mr. Toole may well be puzzled to get any interest. The girl herself cannot, even by the grace and simplicity of Miss Hollingshead's acting, be accepted as bearing the least resemblance to a human being; indeed it is the actress's merit that the character does not appear that of an idiot. A young man who for no object makes this girl believe that he is called Mr. Faust, and gives proof of his education and breeding by aiming rude speeches, which one is expected to account witty, at the girl's father, is played by Mr. Leathes, who must be pitied for the task set him of making a gentleman out of the insufferable brute whom Mr. Albery has drawn. It is certainly unfortunate that the blunder of mistaking gross rudeness for refined banter should prevail as it does among playwrights. Mr. Byron, who has often shown that he can write dialogue which has real wit of a certain sort, has fallen upon the same device employed by Mr. Albery in his new "Comic Drama," as it is affectingly termed, *Old Chums*, produced at the Opéra Comique. One cannot help suspecting that this play was written for the express purpose of testing the extent of the public's endurance. Plot has never been Mr. Byron's strong point; nor is it to be expected perhaps that a light comedy should be bound closely by the laws of ordinary human chances. But to make three acts out of a toss made by two old friends to decide which shall first propose to a girl the betrayal of his trust by the one who is left in her company, and a duel arranged in consequence by a fire-eating major between the two, both of whom are arrant cowards, is a feat which Mr. Byron was unwise to propose to himself. And when he had accomplished it, after the fashion seen in *Old Chums*, he would have done well to keep the result for his own private reading. Besides the extraordinary futility of its construction, the play is extremely disagreeable in tone. The characters are as odious as were those of Mr. Coghlan's *Brothers*, and there is less relief to their hatefulness. The kind of thing which passes for fun is obtained by calling one character Dawlish, in order that Mr. Byron may address him by the names of various other watering-places, and by making the scheming heroine twice address a man as Richard, so that on her third appeal he may observe that he is now Richard III. So forced, so dreary, so threadbare is the humour of the piece, that, when one person in the play says of another's answer "That's what he calls repartee," it is impossible not to apply the remark to the author. Miss Litton appears as Amaranth Greythorpe, the adventuress with whom the two "old chums" are in love, and makes the part as bright and pleasant as an actress who renders the character truthfully can make it. Mr. Byron plays one of the friends in his accustomed dry manner, which we could wish to see him leave in order to give us again such a piece of really good acting as he did in the disappointed tragedian Fitzaltamont, in his own play of *The Prompter's Box*. The other friend is represented by Mr. E. Terry, an actor who has gained some reputation as a low comedian. It is quite as likely that any one should walk, talk, and grimace as Mr. Terry does, as that a set of people assembled in a country house should behave to each other in the outrageous and pantomimic manner which distinguishes the characters in *Old Chums*. The extravaganza which follows this piece is also Mr. Byron's work, and has been running over a hundred nights—a fact which may account for Mr. Byron's thinking that *Old Chums* might be acceptable to his audiences. It is, however, no worse, if no better, than extravaganzas have been since Mr. Planché left off writing them; and it serves to exhibit some good grotesque acting by Mr. Royce, and some extremely pretty dancing by Miss Vaughan. Real dancing is not seen too often nowadays, and it must be regretted that Miss Vaughan's grace and talent cannot be shown with some better setting. It may be worth while to point out that at the Opéra Comique a fixed charge is made for every coat left in the ante-room of the theatre. It would be well if all theatres were to follow the example set by two or three of altogether abolishing fees. However, on the subject of theatrical mismanagement of this kind there is more to be said than we can say now.

A play "written round" a combination of good rifle-shooting with mechanical illusion, the fittest place for which would be a circus, need not be expected to possess much literary or dramatic

merit. In *Si Slocum*, which at the Olympic serves as a vehicle for the feats of the Frayne family and their performing dog Jack, the compiler has done his best to make up for other deficiencies by giving his audience plenty of such incidents as belong to the "penny plain" and "twopence coloured" school of melodrama, without paying any slavish attention to coherence or probability. People who dislike tobacco and the noise of fire-arms should keep away from this piece. The first thing which occurs to every personage in it when he comes upon the stage is to light a cigarette or pipe, according to his rank and nation; the second is to discharge as many chambers of a revolver as he can before he is called off the stage. One act opens upon the spectacle of a man in Mexican attire firing across the stage at nothing. Combats between men with bowie-knives or pistols, and between a dog and a bear, are thrown in promiscuously to prevent the virtuous speeches uttered by the heroes of the play from growing dull; and a party of armed men, who have proposed to hang up and whip a nigger, abandon their intention and go quietly away when the nigger's master has spent the charge in his rifle by cutting the cord to which the intended victim hangs. The shooting feat in which Mr. Frayne apparently splits an apple placed on his wife's head with a rifle-ball has drawn down from some people indignant protests against the barbarous exhibition, "which may any night place the performer in a felon's dock." It is of course obvious that if the apple were really shot off, as it seems to be, this result must have been arrived at long ago; and it is also tolerably clear that no man and woman would be foolish enough night after night to perform a trick which the deflection of a hair's breadth in the shooter's aim, or even the influence of a sudden draught, might convert into murder. But when the fact is established that the apple is not actually shot off a woman's head, the question naturally arises, Why engage a skilful marksman to do a trick which could be done as effectively by the method of Houdin or any other conjuror? And to this question it is difficult to find an answer. In the mass of ludicrous folly called *Si Slocum* one clever piece of acting is discovered in the performance of Ramon Vasquez by Mr. Flockton, who has to play a villain of the old stage type, and does it thoroughly well. One clever performance, however, cannot redeem a so-called play which is full of the very dregs of used-up pantomimes and "scenes in the circle." Nor can the remotely possible success of such a thing excuse Mr. Neville for having brought down his theatre to the level of a booth at a fair.

At the Lyceum Mr. Irving has re-appeared in *Macbeth*, and on the first night of its present performance did not seem to have improved by his provincial experiences. He was weaker and more shambling in the murder scene than before, and exaggerated the wild desperation of the last act into madness, for which it must be said there is warrant in the text, as Caithness, in the second scene of the last act, answers Menteth's question, "What does the tyrant?" with

Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies;
Some say he's mad, others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury; but for certain
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

The cast has been changed by the substitution of Mr. Brooke for Mr. Forrester as Banquo, and of Mr. Bentley for Mr. Brooke as Malcolm. Mr. Brooke's Banquo is more pleasant and less heavy than Mr. Forrester's; and Mr. Bentley's performance of Malcolm makes one continue to hope good things of him. The management would do well to withdraw the remarkable advertisement found on the back of the play-bill, which would be more fitted to the exhibition of a dancing bear than to that of a distinguished actor. The London public can hardly wish to know anything about the receipts of Mr. Irving's provincial tour, nor is it likely to think better of the actor because he has been received with "genuine enthusiasm" in other places besides London.

The success of *New Men and Old Acres* at the Court is well deserved. It would indeed be difficult to find a piece in the record of the last few years that has been better mounted and acted. The play, which is the work of Messrs. Tom Taylor and Dubourg, and has some likeness to M. Legouvé's *Par Droit de Conquête*, was produced successfully at the Haymarket some years ago, and is now given by a company on the whole perhaps better suited to it than its original interpreters. The plot turns on the fine character of a merchant who is the mortgagee of an old estate, and becomes engaged to the daughter of its proprietor. Then he is, comparatively speaking, ruined; the match is broken off; and the estate is in danger of falling into the hands of a low, canting tradesman who has discovered iron on it. But the same discovery has been made by the merchant, who anonymously informs Mr. Vavasour of it, and thus enables him to clear the property. The revelation by the family lawyer of Brown, the merchant's action in the matter leads to a happy conclusion for every one but the rogue. The piece is more remarkable for effectiveness than for delicacy of touch or high aim in the writing. Much of the dialogue sounds forced and unnatural, in spite of the skill of the actors; it is overburdened with metaphor; and it is marred by that want of perception or taste which is apt to spoil Mr. Tom Taylor's work, except for the groundlings. For instance, when Mr. Vavasour, a fine gentleman of the old school, makes a quotation to the purse-proud tradesman, and follows it with "You know; oh! no, of course you wouldn't—it's Latin," the speech raises a laugh, but it is none the less grossly out of place and inconsistent. A worse play than *New*

Men and Old Acres, however, might find favour under the same conditions. The part of Lillian Vavasour, an impulsive girl who is divided between her love for Mr. Brown and her sense of duty to her family, is played by Miss Ellen Terry, who interprets with wonderful naturalness the many changes and gradations of feeling through which Lillian passes. Her gaiety, except in passages where the author's words are so forced that the actress can hardly disguise their falseness, is infectious; and the depth and tenderness of her pathos make one wish to see her again take up some greater part. As a piece of mere technical skill, the conversation carried on in the first act while Lillian is playing the piano is remarkable; the way in which the action of the hands mechanically follows that of the mind is perfectly studied, and given with a complete aspect of momentary impulse. The performance of Brown by Mr. Kelly, an actor who has the power of always losing his own identity in that of his part, is an excellent picture of a sensible honest man of business whose fine nature, though it is not often paraded, has never suffered from having to deal with commerce. Mr. Conway, as Bertie Fitz-Urse, Lillian's cousin, a careless, boyish young man, not troubled with brains, gives us as easy and pleasant a piece of acting as we can wish to see. Mr. Hare, following an excellent system, makes much out of the rather small part of Mr. Vavasour by the quiet truth with which he represents it. If we were to make a suggestion to Mr. Hare, it would be that, in a piece carefully written up to the date of lawn-tennis, the appearance of Mr. Vavasour in a blue coat and brass buttons is, if possible, not very probable. Two low comedy parts, the canting rogue Bunter and his wife, are played by Mrs. Stephens, the best actress of low comedy on the stage, and Mr. Anson, who falls into an exaggeration which it may perhaps be difficult to avoid. Miss Aubrey's performance of Fanny Bunter, a sentimental girl who marries Fitz-Urse, is promising; and the acting of Mr. Erser Jones as Berthold Blasenbalg, a speculator, is better than his German intonation.

REVIEWS.

MASON'S PERSECUTION OF DIOCLETIAN.*

IT is not without reason that Mr. Mason tells us in his preface that his "book ventures, contrary to an established etiquette, to pretend to something not unlike originality." Mr. Mason's originality, both of matter and style, is enough to take away one's breath. Nothing ever was so odd as his way of putting things in his text, except his way of putting them in the headings of his pages. The object of the book has a distinctly startling sound, though on its main point Mr. Mason has at least fully established his claim to be heard. Whether we exactly accept his conclusion or not, he has certainly worked well at his subject; he has put many points in it in a new light; and all that he says, as far as its main substance goes, should at least be weighed before any one decides the other way. Men's tastes are so various that some may be attracted, some may be offended, while others may be simply amused, at the extreme grotesqueness of the way in which Mr. Mason puts everything. His position at starting may easily seem to many to be strange and inconsistent. He writes in a strongly ecclesiastical spirit; but his main object is to make out the best possible case for the Emperor who is commonly looked upon as the bitterest enemy of the Church. There is indeed no logical contradiction between the two positions; it is simply a question of fact. Diocletian is condemned because he persecuted; if it can be proved that he did not persecute, he is of course entitled to acquittal. But there are matters of fact which it needs no small effort to acknowledge. The picture of Diocletian as the arch-persecutor has been so thoroughly wrought into all ecclesiastical tradition that it must almost seem like heresy even to doubt the fact or to deal with it as a question of evidence. But here is Mr. Mason, whose strongly ecclesiastical spirit breathes in every line that he writes, who speaks throughout of the Church in the days of Diocletian as if it were a modern party of which he was himself a zealous member, who at the same time has chosen Diocletian as his special hero. Here is at least an exercise of independent judgment which, even if it be a little paradoxical in the putting, fully entitles Mr. Mason to be heard. It needs some boldness for a man who clearly looks at and feels about the events of Diocletian's day with all the spirit of a partisan, to turn round and say that his party has been altogether wrong in an important matter of fact, and that the man whom they have for ages cursed as their bitterest enemy was not so much their enemy as their friend.

As historical criticism has advanced in these matters, men have been led to grasp the manifest fact that, as a rule, the bitterest persecutors of the Church were found, not among the worst, but amongst the best, Emperors. The case of Marcus Aurelius at once stands out as the crucial case of all. But his case is somewhat different from the case of Diocletian. In the received conception of Marcus, which is a perfectly true conception, he appears only secondarily as a persecutor; the difficulty is felt how such a man as Marcus is allowed to have been, could ever have been a persecutor of Christianity. In the case of Diocletian, as commonly conceived, there is no such

difficulty. The popular conception of Diocletian is that of a persecutor, and only a persecutor. Nobody wonders at his persecuting, because nobody thinks of him as doing anything else; it does not enter into the popular conception of Diocletian that he was the man who founded the Empire afresh, and whose rule for many years was one of toleration and clemency no less than of vigour and wisdom. As in some other cases, Diocletian suffers from inattention to chronology. We have over and over again insisted on the fact that the Scottish wars of Edward the First did not take up the whole of his reign, but only a few years at its end; and we have always thanked Mr. Froude for making people understand that beheading wives and plundering abbeys did not take up the whole of the reign of Henry the Eighth. Opinions may differ as to the moral aspect of Scottish wars, of beheading wives, or of plundering abbeys; but in any case it is important to note the fact that they form at most only one part of the acts of the princes for whose whole history they often pass. So it is with Diocletian; on any showing, he was not a mere persecutor, he was a great deal besides. On any showing, his persecution did not take up the whole of his reign of twenty-one years, but at most the last two years of it. On any showing, by far the greater part of what is called the persecution of Diocletian was done by others after Diocletian had withdrawn from power. Thus much is plain on the surface; thus much may be learned by simply looking at the *fasti* of his reign, without going any further. The popular notion of Diocletian spending his whole reign in persecuting Christians is as mere a legend as the popular conception of Edward the First spending his whole reign in fighting with Wallace and Bruce. But there is one difference between the two cases. For a king to engage in a war at a certain stage of his reign does not imply any change in his personal character or in his public policy. It simply shows that he was led to make war by some cause or pretext which did not exist before. But, when a prince acts for fourteen years in one way with regard to such a matter as religious toleration, and then acts for two years in quite another way, we see at once that there must be some special cause. And, to those who know anything of Diocletian as something more than the mere legendary persecutor, it becomes a matter of deep interest indeed to find out what that special cause was. We may be sure that the organizer of the Roman Empire did not act lightly in any matter. That his long term of toleration, and even of favour, towards the Christians should have been followed by a short term of persecution is, in such a prince as Diocletian, a phenomenon which, on the face of it, needs explanation and challenges inquiry.

Thus much we might learn from the chronology and general aspect of Diocletian's reign, without looking specially to what is recorded of his dealings with the Christian Church. If we begin to look a little deeper, we are at once struck by the facts that from Pagan writers we should really learn nothing about his persecution, and that from one most important Christian writer we get a notion of Diocletian and his persecution altogether different from the received Christian legend. We are left to guess why Pagan writers are all but silent about the persecution, whether it is because they were ashamed of it, or because they did not think it a matter of any great importance. But we begin to get a new view of things when we turn to a Christian writer, writing as a Christian controversialist and something more, writing as one whose object is to draw a moral about persecutors and their punishment, and when we find that the picture of Diocletian in this writer is something altogether different from the popular legend. We know of no reason to doubt that Lactantius was the author of the book *De Mortibus Persecutorum*. But even if it were not Lactantius, it is clearly the work of a contemporary and well-informed writer, who writes with the bitterest hatred towards Diocletian, who loads him with every kind of epithet of reviling, but whose facts do not bear out his epithets. He tells us rhetorically that Diocletian was the author of all evil and all mischief. But when he comes to tell the story he shows that he was not. That is to say, we are reading the tale as told by a violent partisan, whose comments and judgments are coloured by his partisanship, but who would not wilfully misstate facts. We learn very soon from Lactantius that the persecution was not the work of Diocletian, but of Galerius. We find Diocletian strongly set against any persecution. We find him long resisting all argument and persuasion to depart from his hitherto tolerant course. We find him simply worried against his will into consenting to the first edict, which was an edict of pains and penalties, but not of death, and not consenting to the actual bloody persecution till he had some plausible grounds for thinking that there was a Christian conspiracy against himself and his empire. Such is the Diocletian of Lactantius's history, a very different person either from the Diocletian of legend or from the Diocletian of Lactantius's own rhetoric. Mr. Mason goes further. His object is to show that with the severest edict of all Diocletian had nothing to do. Mr. Mason tries to show that when, what he counts as the fourth edict was published, Diocletian was for awhile laid aside by sickness; that, in his own odd language, "In the fourth edict of Diocletian, Diocletian had no more hand than Adam." He adds in a note:—"This is the first time that attention has been drawn to this weighty fact." With two edicts alone will Mr. Mason allow that Diocletian had anything to do.

One thing is plain, that Mr. Mason quite understands, and does full justice to, the general position of Diocletian in the history of Rome and of the world. On his position in the history of art he does not touch. He was hardly called on to do so. Still we feel that we

* *The Persecution of Diocletian: a Historical Essay.* By Arthur James Mason, M.A. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. London: Bell & Sons. 1876

are reading the apology of one who has not, so to speak, made the acquaintance of Diocletian in his own home. Truly to know every side of the great Emperor, a man must go to his own Spalato; yet incidentally Mr. Mason gives us some evidence as to Diocletian in his artistic character also. Among the martyrs of the time, we find those who are called the stonemasons of Sirmium, men who are employed in making capitals and bases of columns, and statues and sculptures of various kinds, but who refuse either to sacrifice or to make a statue of *Æsculapius*. So Diocletian is over-persuaded by philosophers and judges to consent to their execution. The story becomes a more living one in sight of the columns which their hands may have wrought, and of the temple which they refused to furnish with its central object. But Mr. Mason seems to have brought together every scrap of information about Diocletian which was to be found out of Spalato, and he fights for him throughout with the zeal of an avowed champion. His main point is that Diocletian, left to himself, was tolerant and even favourable to the Christians. It is certain that the Church flourished during the first nineteen years of his reign, that his own household was full of Christians, that the few Christians who suffered during those years did not suffer as Christians, but because their personal scruples led them into breaches of military duty which would have been equally punished in any one else, and in which it is plain that the general body of Christian soldiers in Diocletian's army did not share. Indeed one or two passages set Diocletian before us as one whom the Christians almost deemed to be on the point of joining them. In Mr. Mason's view the edict of Constantine which secured toleration was simply a continuation of, or rather a return to, the real policy of Diocletian, before his old age was worried into persecution by Galerius. Mr. Mason sometimes strikes us as knowing rather more about things than any one can know; but his conjectures are always ingenious, and they are commonly grounded on some evidence. It seems pretty clear from Lactantius that, though Diocletian had always intended to abdicate at the end of his twenty years, still he was in the end compelled by Galerius both to abdicate and to change the succession. As to his motives there is wide scope for guessing. Mr. Mason's theory is that he wished to stop the persecution, that he found his own strength unequal to the task, and that he wished to carry out his purpose by giving Constantius the first place among the new Augusti, and Constantine a place among the *Cæsars*. All this was thwarted by Galerius. Mr. Mason carries on his story through the whole intermediate time of confusion and change of Emperors till he reaches Constantine's great edict of universal toleration. Queer as is his way of writing, doubtful as some of his explanations of facts seem to us, when we had got thus far, we were really sorry that Mr. Mason guides us no further.

Mr. Mason can tell his story well when he chooses. Here is a description in his best manner, which shows how fairly he tries to judge both sides:—

All the martyrdoms which Eusebius himself witnessed in this year are political, and may be attributed to the unguardedness of the Christians themselves. The magistrates were undoubtedly on the alert to detect any signs of disaffection to the government. Two Clergymen, Alphaeus and Zacchæus, died at Caesarea for shocking the Proconsul by saying bluffly that they acknowledged but One God, and Jesus as the anointed Emperor. A layman, Procopius, the first martyr whose death Eusebius saw with his eyes, when told to sacrifice to the gods, answered that there was but One God to whom it was right to offer sacrifice,—in the way He wished: then being urged at least to pour a health to the four Emperors, he replied with Homer's well-known political verses:

"It is not good to have lords many:
Let One be Lord,—One King."

Of course the pagan judge could not see the superb turn which our faith put upon the passage, and perceived in it only a disapproval of Diocletian's admirable system. Anxious as he appears to have been to spare the Christians, he could not possibly spare the treasonable. Procopius' immediate death, by decapitation, shews that this was the view the judge actually took. In our deep sympathy with the sufferings and glories of our own beloved brethren the martyrs, we sometimes lose sight of the sympathy we ought to feel towards the magistrates who sentenced them; men, often not only honourable and loyal, but gentle and kindhearted, who endured with a patience which astounds us more than that of the martyrs,—inasmuch as it was grounded only on human not Divine strength,—insults and revilings and personal defiance at the mouths of the Christians, foolish allegorical answers to plain questions about name and birthplace, sometimes long and exasperating sermons.

We cannot quarrel with such a phrase as "our beloved brethren the martyrs"; but it is the beginning of Mr. Mason's eccentric style. He commonly speaks of the Christians of Diocletian's day as "we" and "us"; and has an odd way of using modern phrases—"gentlemen," "clergymen," "churchmen," sometimes "Protestants," "dissenters," the "mayor" of a town, all of which is queer; but perhaps it does no great harm any more than Mr. Mason's constant way of alluding to present events. It is not in itself a good way of writing, and when we find the court of a Roman prince at Augusta Treverorum spoken of as "the French Court," we cry out on more serious grounds. Still we can forgive Mr. Mason many of his oddities and the somewhat inartistic way in which his book is put together. He has worked vigorously and independently, and in a right direction. We do not profess to be convinced by him on all points; but he has at least given us a good deal of matter for thought.

ENGLISH THOUGHT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

(Second Notice.)

TAKING Politics after Ethics, according to Aristotelian precedent, Mr. Leslie Stephen proceeds to lead us through the political speculation and discussions of the century whose literature it is not too much to say that he has made his own. There is, as might be expected, a considerable general parallelism between the moral and the political thought of the time in their points of strength and weakness. With the one splendid exception of Burke, men set themselves to explain and criticize the institutions of society without paying any regard to history; and this omission was common to writers who seemed to agree in no other point of their principles. Utilitarians and metaphysicians alike started from unhistorical assumptions, and what is still more curious, worked out in their different ways not dissimilar results.

We begin with Locke and the celebrated fiction of the Social Contract, which, although it now seems to us a singularly transparent application of legal fiction in a region where such fictions are inadmissible, did notable work in its day. This doctrine has two chief difficulties to overcome. It has to show that the social contract was ever in fact entered into, and to discover what were its contents. The first point was disposed of by the statement that the consent given to the original contract was a tacit one—in other words, by admitting that the whole quasi-legal view of the thing is a fiction. The second was dealt with in various ways. The most plausible of these may be described, if we continue the legal phraseology, as a presumption that the original contract was reasonable. According to this, particular institutions are shown to be within the presumed terms of the contract by their expediency; and this is evidently nothing else than a roundabout way to utilitarianism. But particular questions might also be solved by way of deduction or analogy with reference to the supposed fundamental principles of the contract, and the results of this method were naturally precarious. These logical defects, however, did not prevent the notion of the social compact from having a great influence, not only on political thought, but on the practical treatment of political questions. The duty of toleration, for instance, was worked out by Locke as a sort of corollary from it. Mr. Stephen points out that, while Locke's handling of this point involved other assumptions besides, those assumptions were such as the men of his time were willing to let pass; so that, on the whole, the method worked well enough in practice. We may pass over the "Bangorian controversy" on the nature of ecclesiastical authority, described by Mr. Stephen as "one of the most intricate tangles of fruitless logomachy in the language." But as we pass we must note Warburton's curious application of the contract theory to the alliance between Church and State, the record of which was to be found, he said, "in the same archive with the famous original compact between magistrate and people." The social contract was finally exploded by Hume, so far as reasoning could explode it; "and yet it lived long after the brains were out," which shows that it must have continued to be found highly convenient by most, if not all, parties. Hume himself, though unrivalled as an iconoclast, failed when he came to attempt theoretical construction in politics; the failure was far more conspicuous than in ethics, though in both cases the fatal omission was the same. He "reduced the race to a mere chaos of unconnected individuals." He ignored the continuity of race and the development of societies, and tried to study the natural history of institutions without taking account of the conditions of their growth. As Mr. Stephen happily puts it, he dealt with morphology instead of physiology.

After a short digression on Montesquieu and Rousseau, who both wrote under English influences and exercised a strong reaction on later English speculation, we come to a time of divergence where each stream of opinion has to be separately followed. There were the sturdy Tories represented by Dr. Johnson, seeing the flimsiness of political theories and hating them all. There were the constitutional theorists who eulogized the British Constitution, wholly without reference to its particular fitness for English men and manners, as a piece of machinery in which the various motions were balanced with infinite ingenuity. "The ideal state is a permanent dead-lock" in their doctrine, which Delolme apparently has the credit, such as it is, of having naturalized in England. The regular development of it is familiar enough to English readers in Blackstone, and fragments of it still hang about most political discussions. Among these writers, but too eccentric to be classed with them, was Dean Tucker, who got just half way to seeing through the fiction of the social contract. He discovered that it was not a true contract, but a quasi-contract. It only remained for him to discover that the quasi-contract of civil law was itself a fiction; but this he seems not to have done.

Considerable space is given to Burke, who stands alone, and whose respect for experience and dislike of abstract theories made him the most truly scientific politician of the eighteenth century. He saw at once through the social contract as "a confusion of judicial with civil principles"; and though he spoke in terms of natural equality and the rights of mankind, he meant only to state "the axiom which must necessarily lie at the base of all utilitarian as well as of all metaphysical systems"

* *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century.* By Leslie Stephen. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1876.

that the happiness of the governed, and not the happiness of any particular class, is the legitimate end of government." Mr. Stephen illustrates the working of Burke's principles by going in some detail through his conduct on particular questions; and he shows that Burke's opposition to the French Revolution was strictly consistent with his earlier opposition to the policy of the Crown in its dealing with the American colonies. The connexion between the course of events in America and in France, a real though not a logical one, depended on facts beyond his range of observation. What he could plainly observe was that in France the utter disregard of experience, against which he had always lifted up his voice, was being carried out in practice on an unheard of scale and with frightful results. His reason as well as his feeling was revolted by the barren destructiveness of the Jacobins; and he protested against them in the same spirit in which he had formerly protested against Ministers who claimed for the mother-country an arbitrary right of taxing American colonists, and fancied that people could be "argued into slavery" by dint of metaphysical figments.

Next comes a distinctly revolutionary school, beginning with Priestley and Price. Priestley was an *à priori* speculator in politics who nevertheless, like Hutcheson in morals, so worked his system as to make it almost equivalent to utilitarianism. He adhered to the imaginary social compact, but when its terms were to be ascertained he had recourse to the greatest happiness principles, which he comes very near to stating definitely. He was also among the earliest preachers of the minimizing doctrine of the functions of government—"that gospel of letting things alone which in a later generation was to be regarded as the cure for all our sins." In this doctrine Price agreed with Priestley, while he differed from him in being a pessimist as to the then existing tendencies of society. The opinions expounded in a comparatively mild form by Priestley were expressed with coarse vehemence by Paine, and developed in their extreme theoretical consequences by Godwin:—

Godwin's intellectual genealogy may be traced to three sources. From Swift, Mandeville, and the Latin historians, he had learnt to regard the whole body of ancient institutions as corrupt; from Hume and Hartley, of whom he speaks with enthusiasm, he derived the means of assault upon the old theories; from the French writers, such as Rousseau, Helvetius, and Holbach, he caught, as he tells us, the contagion of revolutionary zeal. The "Political Justice" is an attempt to frame into a systematic whole the principles gathered from these various sources, and may be regarded as an exposition of the extremest form of revolutionary dogma. Though Godwin's idiosyncrasy is perceptible in some of the conclusions, the book is instructive, as showing, with a clearness paralleled in no other English writing, the true nature of those principles which excited the horror of Burke and the Conservatives.

We need hardly follow Mr. Stephen through Godwin's various conclusions. The general result was that he "all but abolished all moral laws, except the one law which promotes the cultivation of happiness," and likewise abolished all political institutions. All government was for him a tyranny, and even a national assembly was only the tyranny of the majority. He could "scarcely hesitate to conclude universally that law is an institution of the most pernicious tendency." He seems to have stumbled without knowing it, like other moralists of the time, into something like the Stoic conception of virtue as a purely intellectual quality, and to have been led thereby into more than Stoic paradoxes. He preached a millennium for which he imagined men to be quite ready if they would only throw off the system of artificial imposture under which they lived; and he omitted to explain why, if men were indeed fit for it, the millennium had not been established sooner. This kind of speculation had no chance whatever of taking root in England; and it is as much as one can do to adopt Mr. Stephen's charitable judgment that "the hope, the belief in justice, and the faith in man's capacity for improvement were not quite thrown away, though they could only become fruitful when allied to a clearer perception of the conditions of human existence."

The next chapter contains the history of Political Economy from Locke to Adam Smith, and brings together much information and matter for reflection which it might be difficult to find elsewhere in so trustworthy and convenient a form. Every one, for instance, who has learnt the elements of political economy is aware of the "Mercantile Theory" as a kind of scarecrow or drunken Helot without which no exposition of the true doctrine would be complete; but there are not many, we suspect, who could say offhand who were the people that really believed in it, and whom Adam Smith could regard as substantial adversaries. Mr. Stephen not only gives us this knowledge, but helps us to see how a fallacy which now seems to proclaim its own absurdity by the bare statement of it came to be so commonly entertained. He points out that political economy in its origin was treated as a mere matter of statistics; it was assumed that the affairs and solvency of a nation at a given time were to be ascertained by taking stock and casting up accounts in the regular way, just as if the nation were an individual merchant; and the analogy was accepted at all points without examination. Increase of wealth being represented for the individual, in the ordinary course of things, by increase of money, it was supposed that the same must be true of a nation; and the combination of this with the undoubted truth (which itself, however, needed all the force of Locke's reasoning to make it current) that the value of money is ultimately the value of the bullion coined into the money, led at once to the position that the wealth of a country is measured by the amount of the precious metals in it. Hence the doctrine of the Balance of Trade, with all its consequences. The vitality of phrases is curiously shown by the fact

that we still speak of the balance of trade for some purposes, the old meaning which went along with the term being now so utterly exploded that the use of the term itself is considered harmless. The fallacy imposed, as Mr. Stephen shows, on Locke himself, even while he was refuting other current fallacies. From the proposition that "a kingdom grows rich or poor just as a farmer does, and in no other way"—which is in one sense true—he jumped, by an imperfect analogy, to the conclusion that "spending less [in money] than our own commodities will pay for is the sure and only way for a nation to grow rich." Davenant, who wrote early in the eighteenth century, perceived that gold and silver were not the only wealth; but in dealing with economic questions on a large scale he was still "unable to shake off the illusions of the counting-house," and accepted the Balance of Trade as a conclusive reason for prohibiting the exportation of Irish woollens. Locke, it may be remembered, had been concerned at the Council of Trade in an elaborate scheme for compensating this prohibition, and reconciling the interests of Ireland and England, by a grand artificial encouragement of the Irish linen manufacture. Meanwhile, an unknown writer published as early as 1701 certain "Considerations on the East India Trade," which produced, it seems, no effect at the time, but which in substance anticipated Adam Smith in great part.

A special section is given to the French economists, who struck out a theory far more rational and scientific than the "Mercantile System." It was still not free from serious errors of its own; but the value of the work lay in the scope and nature of the conceptions rather than in their execution:—

The French economists, whatever their errors, had impressed an entirely new character upon the study. For a series of detached, though often acute, speculations upon the nature of commerce, they had substituted a coherent theory of the industrial aspect of society. They had recognized the necessity of studying the social organism as a whole instead of attempting explanations of detached series of phenomena. They had shown how intimately the interests of different classes were connected, and had even exaggerated the certainty and rapidity with which any action upon one part of the body politic would be transmitted to others. . . . If they drew their lines rather too sharply, and conceived of society as bound by a kind of rigid geometrical order rather than as promoting the complex relations of vital growth, they at least gave prominence for the first time to a conception which must underlie all sound social theories.

In dealing with Adam Smith himself Mr. Stephen's critical powers are shown to great advantage. He explains in a brief, but very careful and discerning, review the merits and success of the *Wealth of Nations*, and the shortcomings, inseparable from the time in which it was produced, which in certain respects prevent it from being more than the introduction to problems yet to be solved by wider inquiries and a more searching analysis.

The intellectual aspects of the eighteenth century in its poetry and literature, including the sentimental or romantic reaction against its classic formality which set in towards the end of the period, are discussed in a concluding division of the book, entitled "Characteristics," which is by no means the least important or interesting part of Mr. Stephen's labours; we cannot attempt, however, to give an account of this in our remaining space. We may call special attention to the paragraphs concerned with Pope's poetry and the unfavourable conditions under which it was written—unfavourable, that is, to the production of poetry of a high order, since, as Mr. Stephen says, "nothing is less poetical than optimism"; to the remarks on the rules and theories of poetical composition then current, where it is pointed out that "the poets of the eighteenth century, with one or two exceptions, show a disposition to edge away from the types which they professed to admit as ideally correct"; and to the firmly and finely drawn literary portraits of Swift, Johnson, and Fielding. We had thought of putting in a word for Sterne, in mitigation of Mr. Stephen's severe and incisive judgment; but we do not, on reflection, see our way to disputing its substantial justice.

OLD NEW ZEALAND.*

THE "Pakeha Maori," which means an old European settler familiarly at home with the native race of New Zealand, has long been no stranger to English readers. The first of the two little books now republished together in one volume was noticed by us in December 1863. The other has found acceptance in the colony as a life-like sketch of Maori warfare, drawn from the oral testimony of native eye-witnesses, and presented in the form of an historical narrative "told by an old chief of the Ngapuhi tribe." Lord Pembroke, when he visited New Zealand, made the author's personal acquaintance. For our own part, having made his literary acquaintance some time before, we did not need the introduction which Lord Pembroke has thought fit to write. His lordship omits to mention, either in those pages of his own writing or in the title-page, a former publication of the Pakeha Maori's work. This omission may be puzzling to some readers, but will not be misleading, since he gives, though without due explanation, the author's brief "preface to the original edition." The publishers upon that occasion were Messrs. Smith and Elder. The second part of this volume, "The War against Heke," was a separate publication.

* *Old New Zealand, a Tale of the Good Old Times; and A History of the War in the North against the Chief Heke, in the Year 1845. By a Pakeha Maori. With an Introduction by the Earl of Pembroke. London: Richard Bentley & Son.*

As Lord Pembroke's slight contribution to this volume is the only part of its contents that is new, it demands the first word of comment. Its tone and spirit have already brought upon him an expression of disapproval from one whose practical experience of the subject began long before Lord Pembroke was born. Mr. James Buller, a colonist of forty years' standing, now in England, does not yet think, with Lord Pembroke, that "the bubble of Maori civilization has burst." He, too, has lived among the Maoris, and has known them nearly as long, if not so intimately, as the Pakeha Maori himself. "They are," in Mr. Buller's judgment, "a peaceable, intelligent, and honest people, dangerous only when under the frenzy of a war spirit." The political constitution of New Zealand assumes their loyalty. Six of the Maori chiefs have seats in the colonial Parliament—four in the House of Representatives, elected by Maori votes, and two in the Legislative Council, nominated by the Governor. We may add that two others, Wiremu Katene and Wi Parata, lately held office as Cabinet Ministers, without an administrative department. It is true that the aggregate Maori population is still decreasing; but Mr. Buller does not think it likely that they will wholly disappear. There is a section of the race, inhabiting the less accessible districts of the North Island, which has never consented to adopt European ways of living, and which was in active rebellion a few years ago. In the mountain and forest country up the Waikato and Waipa rivers, and around Lake Taupo, the numbers of the people are rapidly dwindling, from causes of physical and moral degeneration frequently explained. But there are hopes of a better fate in store for some tribes dwelling within the pale of the colonial Government. In the neighbourhood of Auckland, the Thames Gold Fields, and Napier, on the east coast, and likewise on the west coast of the province of Wellington, the social and domestic condition of the Maoris shows a substantial improvement. Sir Donald McLean, Minister for Native Affairs, reports this fact with much satisfaction in the official Handbook of last year. He furnishes statistics also of the education of Maori children, referred to by Mr. Buller, in schools partly maintained by the State, but eagerly sought by the natives and aided by their voluntary gifts. Lord Pembroke seems to have gathered no information concerning these matters when he was in New Zealand. He seems quite content with having somewhat hastily assured himself of the failure of Christian missions, as applied to the souls of that variety of mankind. It is notoriously the case that in the agitation preceding the war of 1864 the former apparent influence of such missions in the disturbed localities was suddenly lost. A part of their teachings, that chiefly derived from the Old Testament, was misappropriated by the Maori heathen priesthood or college of prophets. They mixed it up with their horrible incantations, forming a monstrous compound, the Hau-hau religion, to consecrate the direst orgies of slaughter. They are also said to have used the leaves of their New Testaments for the making of cartridges. This appears to us neither so good a jest nor so good an argument against missions as it seems to Lord Pembroke. Nor can we admit the Pakeha Maori's ludicrous story of his parade of hymns and prayers on a battle-field as a proof that the native mind is incapable of higher religious culture. Our principal objection, indeed, to Lord Pembroke's flippant remarks upon the state and prospects of that race under British government is not one of taste or feeling. It is merely that he does not appear to know the existing facts of the case. It must be several years now since he amused himself in New Zealand with the humorous gossip of his clever Irish host, that most "charming talker" whom he styles "the Lever of New Zealand." From the date of a birth recorded in the *Peerage* it might be computed that the mind of this young traveller was then scarcely ripe for settling the difficult problem of Maori civilization. But the crudeness of his first impressions should have had time enough to mellow before he wrote the present introduction to a book which was received at its due worth some thirteen years ago.

The Pakeha Maori, for his part, entertains us with his budget of queer anecdotes, and his droll commentary upon them, in a mood very different from that of Lord Pembroke. He is very much more amusing, at any rate; he is an avowed humorist, whose peculiar way of making fun is to profess himself a thoroughgoing admirer of savage life. Notwithstanding his allegiance to Queen Victoria and to the Established Church of England, he became an early convert to the ethical and political system of the independent Maori nation. He is reluctant to give up its efficacious simplicity for the colonial institutions and manners of the existing New Zealand. The elaborate pursuit of this grand imaginative joke through fifteen discursive chapters upon the customs, habits, and notions of the Maori race, and his personal exploits among them, is rather overdone. It necessarily involves a forced display of egotism, with an affected pride in the muscular heathenism of his youth, which might displease the reader who failed to recollect that the Pakeha Maori is an Irishman after all. But, as a gratuitous and highly original piece of literary mystification, we find it a tolerable performance of its kind. He does not go the length of praising, or even excusing, the notorious practice of cannibalism, with respect to which his confessions or revelations, whatever his actual experience may have been, are very scanty indeed. Nor does he admit the slightest inclination to put faith in the objects of Maori religious superstition, beyond a faint suspicion of Satanic agency being sometimes lent in aid of its priestly conjurors. These seem about equal to the Spiritualist mediums of New York and London, addressing probably the same average degree of intelligence in their customers or disciples.

The most noteworthy features, however, in the native institutions of the Maori people all over New Zealand have been fully described by several graver writers. One feature of considerable practical importance to our colonization was the diversity and confusion of pretended native titles to land. The settler who wanted to buy an estate was perplexed with a multitude of fantastic claims of all sorts, which he had to pay off. It is probable that the Maoris had never, till the white man offered to purchase, conceived the notion of individual ownership of land; they regarded it as the joint property of a tribe or sept. When the chiefs of the tribe had been bribed to sell its common heritage, every member who was sharp enough would make bold to ask for some little compensation on his own account. This has been the most frequent cause of our serious disputes and wars with the natives of New Zealand. But they have an exact appreciation of personal property, subject to the peculiar liabilities of "Muru" and "Tapu," which are here exhibited in a comical point of view. The Muru is a legal custom by which all the goods and chattels of a Maori who has unluckily offended by mere inadvertence against their social conventionalities, or has injured anybody even by accident, are forfeited and abandoned to general plunder. It must be distinguished from the "Utu," which is a compulsory payment of damages, or a pecuniary mulct for acts of wilful wrongdoing. The Tapu is a process of arbitrary sequestration of property from profane uses, solemnly ousting its original possessor, either in the name of religion or in favour of a privileged aristocracy; the class of chiefs or nobles, called "rangatira," being entitled to appropriate any movable article by a word or touch. Their persons are consecrated by another operation of the Tapu, and are so dedicated to the chivalrous exercises of warfare that no Maori gentleman is allowed to carry any sort of load upon his back. The bodies of the dead and their graves, the field-crops at harvest-time, and other cherished interests of the community, are guarded by a Tapu of severe obligation. These institutions, as well as the practices of Maori soothsayers and necromancers, vividly described by the author, would perhaps merit some consideration in any comparative inquiry respecting primitive ideas of superhuman authority operating as sanctions of social law.

The second part of this volume is a sort of Maori Iliad, but with very little of the miraculous or mythological element. The spirit of epic poetry is not wholly absent from it. Its historical truth, so far as we are aware, has not been impugned; and the incidents related are quite consistent with the most authentic accounts of native modes of warfare. The conflict waged in 1845 against the newly-established British Government by a portion of the Bay of Islands tribes, under the valiant leadership of Hone Heke, was not an affair of magnitude, like the war of 1864. But its experiences were flattering to the national pride of the Maoris, who found that English soldiers and sailors were not invincible in the field, or at least before a stiff palisade; and that a good many of them might be killed or wounded. The repulse of Colonel Despard's first and too confident attack on the Ohaeawae Pa, with the ineffective use of rockets and other artillery, and the fall of several gallant officers, left an unfortunate impression on the native mind. The campaign, such as it was, like some actions of later date, seemed to the Maori warriors and politicians somewhat indecisive, and a large share of its military honours was ascribed to our native allies. These, indeed, ruled and led by an eminent chief of the Ngapuhi, the lately deceased Thomas Walker Nene, behaved very well upon that occasion, and have since been unshaken in their loyalty. In general, we understand from high official testimony, the Maori tribes have always shown a praiseworthy fidelity to pledges once given of alliance or political allegiance. But it is a natural and pardonable indulgence of feeling that prompts "an old chief of the Ngapuhi tribe," one who fought against Heke, to recite the brave deeds of that hero and his comrades with enthusiastic admiration. How the guard of the fort and flagstaff were surprised at Kororarika, the standard thrice cut down, the Pakeha houses sacked in spite of the ships firing in the harbour, the redcoat fighting-men boldly met in siege and open battle, this Nestor of Old New Zealand is proud to tell. The remarkable skill and industry of the native military engineers are shown in the fortifications of the Ohaeawae Pa. This Pa had its stockade of massive timber four fathoms high, faced with an outer framework which was stuffed with green flax to deaden the force of musket-balls. The defenders stood in a trench behind the stockade, their heads only above ground, and fired through loopholes at the bottom of the fence. There were bastions or projecting angles from which they could shoot at the assailants in flank. The garrison inside were themselves protected from a flanking fire by traverses, and could also take shelter in casemates, which were pits roofed with logs or beams and earth laid over them. Similar fortresses were constructed by the Maoris of other districts in the last war, and could not easily be reduced except by a bombardment with shell from Armstrong guns. No mere barbarian race has anywhere given more signal proofs of a real talent for the art of war, as well as of manly courage and a warlike spirit. They would pluck the burning fuse out of a bombshell, to save the powder for their own muskets. A man whose leg was carried off by a cannon-ball made a jest of it with his comrades, exclaiming, "Look here, the iron has run away with my leg; what playful creatures those cannon-balls are!" The mortal combat of Hauraki, the young Hikutu chief, with Hiri, the chief of Kapotai, is told in a simply Homeric strain. Hauraki, after being shot through the body, kills his antagonist, and hides himself in the fern all night. He sees in vision the ghost of his most famous warrior ancestor, "half-god

and half man," bidding him arise and escape the disgrace of capture. The wounded hero rises, and travels a long way alone through the forest, then finds a canoe on the river, and paddles down the stream to the sea, landing at a friendly house in the bay. He is taken home to die, and the funeral rites have a pathetic air which recalls some passages of our own chivalric romances, such as the "Morte d'Arthur." Te Anu, the best spearman of his tribe, springing to and fro before the dead body, speaks alternately upon either side, "Farewell, Hauraki! Go, take your virtues with you, leaving none behind like you. Your death was noble; you revenged yourself with your own hand; you saved yourself without the help of any man. Your life was short, but so it is with heroes. Farewell, O Hauraki! farewell." Then comes the night, when the sister and wife of Hauraki sit by the river-side, weeping silently, and spinning a flaxen cord to strangle themselves. "And as they did this, the moon rose. So when the sister of Hauraki saw the rising moon, she broke silence, and lamented aloud." It is well for the moon, she says, that it can return from death, and shed its light again on the little waves of the stream. But the dead of mankind return no more, and the light of this world is lost to her who mourns; and so she dies of grief.

WIVES, MOTHERS, AND SISTERS IN THE OLDEN TIME.*

WHAT is the "olden time"? What sort of date does our fancy pin it to? Where does it begin? Where does it stop? One thing is certain—and perhaps on one thing only will all agree—that the olden time must have a visible, tangible link with the present; we must see our way clearly back to it by some token, and be able to trace our way up to it. The olden time, then, is rather a national period than one in the world's history. A thing may easily be too old to be of the olden time, which implies associations common to all the world. That song, "old and plain," which the Duke bids Cesario mark, was of the olden time, and had come down to his day through generations of spinsters and knitters in the sun who used to chant it. One of the songs of Zion that could not be sung in a strange land would have been older, but not of the "old age" in the sense of the other. The phrase is one which needs judicious handling, and we are not fond of seeing it on a title-page; but we have never seen it applied with less taste or propriety than in the case before us. Certainly, when we took up *Wives, Mothers, and Sisters in the Olden Time*, the last people we thought of were the women celebrated in ecclesiastical history as sharing the confidence, the labours, and the austerities of the great Fathers of the Church. In fact, it would seem that an innocent stratagem has been practised in order to inveigle a class of readers to whom the olden time is still unacknowledged sentiment, and who like to read of women strung together by some external bond of connexion—queens, princesses, brides, mothers, aunts, grandmothers—without caring much what may be in them of distinctive character or adventure, or what may be their relation to one particular phase of history. It is no doubt for the same reason that the severe asceticism of a past age is presented to the eye at least, in the most persuasive colours, by a gilded coronet surmounting the illusive title; as if it were hoped by these means to betray the frivolous into reading something real and memorable rather than the meagre, disconnected string of fact, anecdote, and frippery which they look for.

Così all' egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi
Di soave licor gli orli del vaso:
Succi amari ingannato intanto ei beve,
E dal inganno suo vita riceve.

Nor is this the only persuasive. The object of both writer and translator has been to rouse women of rank to the duties of their station by showing them how powerful for good or evil that station is; what influence women of high descent have exercised and may exercise over the greatest men, if only they will use the opportunities Providence puts in their way; and consequently how enormous is their responsibility. All this is very true; but it tells well perhaps for the humility of the sex that, birth being made a point of comparison between the ancient and modern saint, these truths are as acceptable and engaging to women who can claim descent neither from Rabutins, like St. Chantal, nor from Scipios and Gracchi, like St. Paula, as to those who can. To women who cannot carve their own fortune as men can there is perhaps an unselfish satisfaction in seeing what woman can do when the common impediments of her position are absent; and on this ground the book ought to find female readers enough on its own merits.

No branch of the Church Catholic will give up its right of possession in St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, and St. Ambrose; but the lives here recorded of women whose names are associated with them are by Roman Catholic writers, and written from their point of view. We must, however, believe that one purpose of the very interesting history of St. Paula, especially, is to enforce on the pious women of the Roman communion the diligent study of Scripture as a corrective of the fashionable religion of the day; and this quite as much as the more avowed object of pressing on women the duty of cultivating their talents by a severe course of study. On this favourite topic the translator's preface gives an extract

from M. Dupanloup's letter to M. l'Abbé Lagrange on his Life of the sainted friend of St. Jerome:—

I felt while reading this life—so full of holiness and good works, and in this respect so different from the worldly, empty, and useless existences of so many amongst us—how much St. Paula owed, even in her virtues, to that large liberal Roman and Christian education which she had received, and to the care with which she had studied both Latin and Greek literature. One sees clearly to what an extent solid mental culture benefits the soul, and how women, whose mission is so noble, and whose influence is often so decisive, need a strong and solid education to escape the frivolity and waste of their lives, and to make them capable of fulfilling their grave and serious duties. In this respect St. Paula's life gives a grand lesson to great ladies in the world. . . . If St. Jerome had not found in St. Paula that fine mind, those high reasoning powers, and that taste for solid instruction which characterized her, he never would have been able to train her to the attainment of those noble virtues, those fruitful labours, that life at once so earnest and so holy, of which you have given us such a beautiful picture.

In fact, female education is as much the cry of the period with which the book deals as it is of our own, as the one mode of correcting what each age considers the exceptional folly, extravagance, and luxury of its own day. Certainly on these points there is one general consent of reprobation in all recorded time. Thus Lady Herbert in her preface laments that pleasure, dress, and luxury absorb the days and nights of the ladies of high position among her living countrywomen. St. Paula (born 347) spent all her life after twenty in penance for having up to that age given in to the habits of the fine ladies of her day. To renounce these habits was the first sacrifice which St. Jerome demanded of all the women who came under his influence:—

When you lived as the great ladies of this age, you loved what the fashion of the day allowed. You liked to paint your faces, to dress your hair all kinds of extravagant ways, to build up a tower of false hair; without speaking of those earrings, those pearls from the Red Sea, those beautiful green emeralds, those fiery rubies, those azure sapphires which are a sort of passion with some matrons. Well, in renouncing the life of this century, you must renounce all these things. O! what place on the face of a Christian woman have rouge and enamel, those indications of an immortalized and sensual soul? How will she weep for her sins when her tears must make a furrow through the layers of paint on her cheeks, and when will she dare to appear before her Creator with a face which He will not recognise?

Tertullian makes the same attack on the vanity of apparel; and, in the days of persecution, complains that the emerald necklace leaves no room for the executioner's axe. St. Clement of Alexandria, in satirizing the fashions of the third century, might, as Lady Herbert justly says, be describing the vagaries of our own. He denounces the thick cakes of hair massed at the back of the neck, the towers of hair, false, or dyed to hide white hairs, or tinted gold by young ladies who want to appear blondes when nature meant them to be dark. He complains of the long trains to their dresses, sweeping up all the dust and dirt in the public roads; dwells at one time on the enormous width of their skirts; at another on the contrary extreme, by the "excessive tightness of their dresses revealing the shape indecently." And St. Jerome, who left no folly undetected, has a fling at our latest whim of all, fulminating censures on the young ladies "who thought it the fashion to borrow their costume from men, wearing male jackets, hats, and the like, and thus degrading the sex to which they belonged."

But personal influence will always with women of thought and feeling prevail over the tyranny of fashion; and St. Jerome's influence over the superior women with whom he came in contact was supreme. It was not so in his relations with his own sex; he had enemies, and even now he is accepted by many rather on faith than from natural liking. Thus we find Dr. Newman not scrupling to say that, were Jerome not a saint, there are words and ideas in his writings from which he would shrink; but, as he is a saint, he shrinks with greater reason from putting himself in opposition. But his lofty, yet kind and sympathizing, intercourse with women left no such difficulties to be overcome. We quite understand the loving reverence, friendly or filial, towards his person, and the submission to his teaching, which this narrative shows. For one thing, his tone towards women was different from what it was towards men; it was a tone characteristically noticed by Gibbon in a note on his epitaph on St. Paula. It would have been flattery, except that it was sincere. He really did admire the intellectual efforts and achievements of these learned ladies, stimulated both by the supreme dignity of the studies to which he directed them, and also by his ready sympathy and willing instruction. He was proud of their rapid progress; quite astonished, for example, at the way the young Blesilla made in the study of Hebrew. "What all the East had admired in the great Origen was seen," he says, "in a young girl of twenty; not many months, but a week or two, sufficed for her to master the difficulties of that language, and to sing and understand the Psalms in the Hebrew text as easily as Paula her mother." When it was a question of really learning Hebrew as a man learns it, he speaks in altogether another tone. But a tenderness towards feminine weakness made him naturally reward all effort and sacrifice with panegyric. He even lets them know that, when they renounced the vanities of the toilet, he could appreciate the sacrifice; as in the case of the same girl student, whose brain activity was a precursor of early death, and who had lived in the world with a sort of passionate opposition to his counsels till within four months of that event. In his account of her conversion, in a letter to Marcella, he speaks of the graceful head on which she lavished such care, which she now is content to veil; of the girdle of white wool which replaced one of gold and jewels, now worn less to show off her

* *Wives, Mothers, and Sisters in the Olden Time*. From French, Italian, and Latin Authors. By Lady Herbert. London: Bentley & Sons.

beautiful waist than to keep her dress in its place. And especially, and with all his heart, did he appreciate the high descent of these converts to his teaching. This belonged to the same part of his nature which so keenly delighted in the graces of style, to reprove which he heard in his vigils the voice, "You are not a Christian, you are a Ciceronian." He assumes himself to be above it, but even in disclaiming falls into it. "It is the rule," he writes to St. Demetrius, "of rhetoricians to adduce grandfather, forefathers, and every past distinction of the line, for the glory of him who is the subject of their praise. I ought to recount the famous names of the Probi or Olybii, and the illustrious line from Anician blood; but what am I about? In forgetfulness of my purpose, while I advise this young maiden, I have been praising the world's goods."

It is impossible within our space to enter upon the graver topics involved in these devoted lives. We have spoken of the influence of St. Jerome over the women whose histories are before us; but their reciprocal influence upon him is really the point, for it was at their earnest and persevering entreaties that he translated for their benefit book after book of Scripture, that he wrote commentaries, and finally, at St. Paula's instance, undertook and carried through his great work, the Vulgate. The prodigious amount of his labours, their importance to the Church, the power of his indomitable will, pursuing his task through difficulties which would have seemed insurmountable if he had not surmounted them, the brilliancy and versatility of his powers, his influence over religious thought, his world-wide celebrity, the sanctity of his character—all this considered, we can well believe that the position of St. Paula and her daughter St. Eustochium, forming at Bethlehem the first monastery under his direction, and instrumental in their turn in calming the vehemence, encouraging the labours, cheering the spirits, and sustaining the energies of the great doctor and ascetic, may seem to many ladies of even these degenerate days no unenviable one. The stir, the energy, the business in which all are engaged are attractions—until, that is, they come to face the asceticism, carried, according to the language of this narrative, almost to starvation point. Doubtless St. Paula's life was shortened by her austerities; her Roman courage and resolution in what she thought a duty or a merit, and, we may add, the life-long habit of taking her own way, withstanding even St. Jerome's persuasions to modify the practices which had become part of herself.

We have dwelt upon St. Paula's life as that which occupies most space and is given in most detail. St. Olympias is already known to the general reader through the *Church of the Fathers*. And St. Marcellina, sister of St. Ambrose, whose Life is translated from the Italian of the Abbé Luigi Biraghi, of the Ambrosian Library of Milan, requires, as she deserves, a fuller notice than we have space for. Sometimes when the sense of famine presses on us in reading of the protracted fasts of those saints of early date and another race, we take refuge in the hope that the language of eulogy, always prone to exaggeration, takes some license here; that what was exceptional is treated as habitual. Certain it is that austerities in those days were a social topic; the Christian world sympathized with them with an admiring astonishment; fame was held out as the reward of self-denial; fasting and the glories of virginity appealed to the imagination, and excited eloquence in the face of the luxury and corruption of the period. We are far from bringing into question the enthusiasm which met and encountered the evils of the time by an extreme opposition and fervour of self-sacrifice. These were the people who converted the world—a slow process, as we find it. But, for our purpose, we prefer giving a passage from St. Jerome's teaching which shows that the personal severities which he insisted upon were compatible with the greatest tenderness and practical good sense in his dealings with society. The following are his instructions on the training of Paula's infant grandchild, whose birth at Rome had caused an excitement of joy at Bethlehem, where Jerome was engaged in his great work, and Paula and her daughter ruled their monastery and copied manuscripts. The parents were connected with Pagan notabilities, whose conversion was prayed for:—

It is a question of training a soul—a soul destined to be the temple of the living God. The great duty of a mother is to form her children's minds. . . . Make her make little letters in ivory or wood like playthings, so that she may learn to read and amuse herself at the same time. Encourage her by little presents such as children love. Give her companions of her own age whose energy shall egg her on. If she is slow at learning, do not tease her; encourage her rather by praise. Above all, beware she does not take a disgust to her lessons, which perhaps may last her all through life. . . . When she sees her grandfather [Priest of Jupiter], let her jump into his lap, throw her arms round his neck, kiss him, and sing to him her little "Alleluia." When her father comes in, let her have an equally ready smile and kiss for him, to show him that she is pleased to see him and that she loves everybody as everybody loves her; let her feel that the whole family is glad to see this fresh little rose on the stem. Talk to her also of her other grandmother and her aunt here who love her so much without having seen her, and whom she must learn to love in return. But, above all, be most careful to form her conscience that is to inspire her with a horror of evil and a love of good. Shelter her from every semblance of evil or impurity. Flowers fade quickly; a breath is enough to tarnish the spotlessness of the lily. . . . Above all, O, parents! do not forget that the real model of your children will be yourselves.

These weighty counsels end with the practical injunction, "Be sure you teach her to work, to sew, to knit, to hold the distaff and spindle, to weave flax with her fingers."

We have only space further to say that Lady Herbert's part as a translator is done with spirit, and that, if in reading we recall the foreign authorship, it is not so much through the style as through the tone which is inseparable from French religious writings.

CLASSICAL TEXTS AND NOTES.*

AT a later stage in the tiro's progress than that which Mr. Edmund Fowle's *Easy Latin and Greek Readers* are designed to meet, we discover within the last five years a laudable emulation among publishers to produce handy, inexpensive, and satisfactory annotated texts of special portions of the best classical authors. No doubt the mature scholar prefers an entire edition of Virgil, Horace, Euripides, or even Lucan, and disdains extracts and selections; yet not only are selections serviceable for the younger student's needs, but well-edited reprints of a book or a play are very convenient for the extra private reading of the sixth-form boy or undergraduate. One of the earliest series of the kind was due to the forethought of Mr. James Parker of Oxford; for another, excellent in its way, we are indebted to Messrs. Seeley as publishers, and to Mr. Alfred Church as editor. But we have before us samples of an equally handy and, in some instances, a more thorough ideal of this kind of text-book in the volumes of the Pitt Press series, now being issued at Cambridge. Four of these have reached our hands, all answering the purpose of the originators of the series, and some of them being of especial merit.

First on our list in order of publication, though second certainly to Mr. Sidgwick's Eleventh Book of the *Æneis* in order of merit, is Messrs. Heitland and Haskins's edition of the First Book of Lucan's *Pharsalia*. Lucan has been too much ignored at Oxford, and it is to the University of Cambridge and the College to which the author of *The History of the Romans under the Empire* belongs, that we are indebted for this introduction to the style and manner of a poet full of vehemence and epigram, and in some places comparable with Juvenal as to sarcasm and rhetoric. The Life and Introductions, which discuss the spirit and matter of the poem, are written by Mr. Heitland; while the notes, chronology, and abstract of contents are for the most part due to Mr. Haskins. The editions of Oudendorp, Weber, and Weise have been their guides, and we must give all credit to the discrimination with which they have picked and chosen amongst these oracles. They keep clear, for instance, of such purely speculative emendations as Bentley's "discissa" for the MS. "discussa" in v. 119, "Morte tua discussa fides"; they illustrate from other passages of the author himself the use of "Quis" for "Uter" in the 126th verse ("Quis justius induit arma Scire nefas"), and also give references to Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 719-727, to show its use, though rare in the golden age of Latinity. In the silver age they refer to the satirists for the same use; but we are not sure that the reference to Persius ii. 20, "Quis potior iudex, puerisve quis aptior orbi," is exactly to the point. It would be interesting if it were, as Lucan and Persius were coeval and compatriots; but there is another passage, where Lucan is describing Caesar in his ambition—

*Impellens quicquid sibi summa petenti
Obstaret* (l. 149)—

in which the sense of the participle "driving before him," or "pushing out," might have been paralleled by Persius ii. 13, "Pupillum—quem proximus hæres Impello," and *ibid.* 59, "Saturniaque impulit æra." The sense, by the way, of "impellens" in these places is not very remote from that of Virgil's *Impulit* in *latus*, in the First Book of the *Æneid*, so that the golden and silver uses occasionally intermix. But there is no note on "impellens" in this Pitt Press edition. On v. 170, "Longa sub *ignotis* extendere rura colonis," the sense of *ignotis* is explained, not as referring to foreign slave or imported peasant labour; nor, as the scholiast suggests, "usque ad extremas gentes"; but, on the faith of a quotation from Petronius, "of estates so large that the owners did not know the cultivators." On the line about the demoralized state of Roman society, "Hinc usura vorax avidumque in tempora fœnus," we are glad to see our Cambridge editors eschew rash emendation; whilst giving four possible interpretations with the pros and cons, they incline to that which references to Horace might substantiate, "greedily looking for the times of payment, *h.e.* the Kalends."

We have turned from curiosity to a fine passage in Lucan's First Book, describing, independently of Virgil in the First *Georgic*, the omens and prodigies which preceded Caesar's march on Rome. Here some obscure phrases scarcely find sufficient elucidation. At the phrase "Terris *mutantem* regna cometen" (529), the quotations given indicate the sense better than the interpretation "causing war and revolution"; and it is hardly worth while to notice Weise's conjecture of "nutantem" in the problematical sense of "portending." A little further on, at p. 535, we do not see how, without another edition of Lucan to refer to, a pupil is to know what is meant by *Latiale caput*, which is by some taken for the Temple of Jupiter Latialis on the Alban Mount, by others, with more likelihood, for the Roman Capitol. Below, "Ostendens confectas flamma Latinas Scinditur in partes" (p. 550), *h.e.* "the sacrificial flame that showed the close of the Latin festival is cleft in twain," is almost unex-

* *Lucan's Pharsalia*. Book I. Edited, with English Introduction and Notes, by W. E. Heitland, M.A., and C. E. Haskins, M.A., Fellows and Lecturers of St. John's College, Cambridge. 1875.

M. T. Ciceronis *Oratio pro Murena*. With English Introduction and Notes. By W. E. Heitland, M.A., &c. 1876.

P. Vergili Maronis *Æneidos*. Liber XI. Edited, with Notes, by A. Sidgwick, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity, and Assistant-Master in Rugby School. 1876.

Euripidis *Hercules Furens*. With Introduction, Notes, and Analysis. By J. T. Hutchinson, B.A., Christ's College, and A. Gray, B.A., Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, Assistant-Masters at Dulwich College. 1876. Pitt Press Series. Cambridge University Press, &c.

plained; and still further on we should take Lucan's pregnant and graphic expression, "Venientes comminus umbræ," to mean "Shades meeting men promiscuously," in the spirit of Virgil's "Simulacra modis pallentia miris," rather than as Mr. Haskins's notes, "shades meeting in the shock of battle." In nice parallels of Lucan from Latin poets and from Shakspeare, Mr. Haskins and Mr. Heitland deserve praise; and when we note omissions here and there, it is in no spirit of detraction from the general value of their volume.

But there are signs of a more thorough conception of the nature of his task in Mr. Arthur Sidgwick's edition of the Eleventh Book of the *Æneid*, which is as masterly in its clearly divided preface and appendices as in the sound and independent character of its annotations. Succinct and pointed enumeration of the similes in this book, memoranda of Virgil's imitations of Homer, Ennius, the Cyclic poets, and the Greek tragedians, distinct classification of his style with that of those poets who strive to compass a powerful impression by their very strangeness of language, and, as Mr. Nettleship puts it in his "Suggestions introductory to the Study of the *Æneid*," "employ an elaboration of language which disdains or is unable to say a plain thing in a plain way"—these and other such preliminary helps to the apprehension of Virgil cannot fail to be invaluable to the earnest student, though there is no doubt that the perfunctory scholar will be apt to leave them undigested. Over and above these, however, there is a great deal more in the notes than mere compilation and suggestion. Mr. Sidgwick keeps an eye in these to the elucidation of grammar and syntax, and makes the most of a remarkably prolific field for the discrimination of the Latin uses of the subjunctive mood, in this book, as well as the discernment of poetical substitutes for that mood. We may glance at a few of these. At vv. 103-105, "Redderet, sineret, Parceret" are shown to be "oblique imperatives" expressive of the wish or command, which in actual speech or "oratio recta" would be "redde, sine, parce." At vv. 285-7:—

Si duo præterea tales Idea tulisset
Terra viros, ultro Inachias venisset ad urbes
Dardanus, et versis Iuguræt Græcia fatiis.

Or, as Professor Conington translated, "Had Ida's soil borne but two other so valiant, Dardanus would have marched in his turn to the gates of Inachus, and the tears of Greece would be flowing for a destiny reversed." Mr. Sidgwick translates *Iuguræt* "would now be mourning," and points out that in the Latin conditional sentence the imperfect subjunctive "always describes a supposition negated or excluded by that which has already happened or is now happening; something that would have been otherwise, either now or in the past." "In this instance," he adds, "it is the present case that would have been otherwise; the Trojan would himself have reached the Argive cities, and 'tis Greece that would be mourning." Not less clear is his explanation of cases of the indicative for the subjunctive—e.g. v. 112, "Nec veni nisi fata locum sedemque dedissent," where *veni* is shown to be a bold but effective rhetorical variation for the expected "venissem." "The point consists," adds Mr. Sidgwick, "in the denial being made absolute not conditional, and the condition appended," and he cites Latinus's "Et vellem et fuerat Turnum se opponere morti," the use of *fuerat* for "fuisset" or "erat" is accounted for by the poet's wishing to bring out the hopeless *pastness* of the chance. Upon the opening lines of Evander's speech (vv. 152-3):—

Non hæc, O Palla, dederas promissa parenti,
Cautius ut sævo velles te credere Marti.

Mr. Sidgwick strikes us as more than usually hasty in making "ut velles" contain, not as Conington thought, the son's *promise* (which Mr. Sidgwick says would be accusative and infinitive), but the *request* of the father. We do not see, in such case, on what "ut velles" can depend, whereas it follows naturally, and surely as fitly, as an accusative and infinitive, on "promissa." Mr. Sidgwick supposes an ellipse of "when he begged thee," but he is much nearer to the mark, we suspect, when he says "perhaps the reading 'petenti' for 'parenti' is right." This reading is quoted by Servius. One more illustration of his discrimination of various uses of the subjunctive is his concise description of "arguerim," in 164, as a hypothetical subjunctive from an instinct of politeness—"nor would I upbraid"; but, as a rule, it is not in cases of moods and tenses only, but in the elucidation of governments of cases and dependence of clauses also, that he may be safely followed. Thus, in verse 126, when Drances says to Æneas, "Justitiæ prius mirer, belline laborum?" he takes the genitives as of respect or relation, but stretched beyond the Greek usage—*θανυτάω σε τῆς δικαιοσύνης*. In 172, "Magna tropæa ferunt, quos dat tua dextera letho," a true insight leads him to see that the subject to *ferunt* is Æneas with the Trojans and Tyrrhenians, whereas "quos dat—letho" is a clause in apposition to "magna tropæa," the object of *ferunt*. We are not sure that we agree with Mr. Sidgwick's explanation of perhaps the boldest and most difficult expression in the book (verse 268), "Devictam Asiam subedit adulter," said by Diomed of Agamemnon's murder. According to his view, "Devictam Asiam" is in a startling and powerful inversion, an equivalent for the "conqueror of Troy, Agamemnon." "The conquered Asia," he translates, "a paramour waylaid." But it is too violent a resort to make "devictam Asiam"="victorem Asiæ"; and though there is lack of authority for "subedit," meaning "watched for," in the sense of the attitude of the Greek *ἑφεδρος* or third combatant, we prefer to accept the general sense of Professor Conington's posthumously published version—"Asia fell before

him, but an adulterer rose in her room." In this, however, and kindred difficulties, it is bare justice to give Mr. Sidgwick the praise of able and vigorous helpfulness. No difficulty is left unnoticed or unhandled; and herein, as well because he mostly carries conviction, we regard his volume as the best of the series we have yet seen.

Not but that those students are to be deemed fortunate who have to read Cicero's lively and brilliant oration for L. Murena with Mr. Heitland's handy edition, which may be pronounced "four-square" in point of equipment, and which has, not without good reason, attained the honours of a second edition. With the special help of Mr. Mayor, the Professor of Latin, and the aid in various ways of Mr. Sandys, the exponent of the Greek orators (whom we congratulate on his attainment of the post of Public Orator in his University), Mr. Heitland has not only annotated his text in a most serviceable manner, but he has also prefaced it, after due study of Halm's second edition, Forsyth's *Life of Cicero*, and divers other authorities, with most useful information as to the state of the text, as to the family and antecedents of Murena, as to the trial itself, and the eminent orators who took part in it on either side. No little interest is added to the pleadings of Cicero by the facts so clearly brought out that the great orator was actually Consul at the time of Murena's election, and that he too had carried the law to supplement the "Lex Calpurnia de ambitu," imposing more stringent penalties on corruption, under which Murena was charged; and yet withal came forward to defend him. Nor is it less interesting to find ranged against him, and consequently the temporary butt of his shafts and sarcasms, the blameless grandson of Cato the Censor, M. Porcius Cato, to whom, curiously enough, the First Book of Lucan's *Pharsalia* (which, as we have seen above, Mr. Heitland has had a hand in editing for this series) pays the highest tribute and whom it honours with the best epitaph. Here, too, were pitted against Sulpicius and Cato, Hortensius and Crassus; and the oration, prefaced by a notice of these orators—all friends out of court, however sharp their tongues might be in railery or invective in it—and by a very comprehensive abstract of Cicero's speech, is really very pleasant reading. The annotations leave little to be desired, whilst the appendices are pertinent, and there is a capital index to the notes.

For other reasons than the selection of that play for one of the subjects in the Cambridge examinations, Messrs. Hutchinson and Gray might have been prompted to the editing of the *Hercules Furens* for this series. The work is a remarkable, if not first-rate, sample of the genius of Euripides; it has so much of tragic effect and terror, so much of the supernatural element and of harrowing scenes, so many tokens of the poet's later handiwork, that it deserves to be more generally read in illustration of Euripides's place in dramatic poetry. Messrs. Hutchinson and Gray have produced a careful and useful edition, based on the editions of Paley and Nauck, and not indebted to those of W. Dindorf and Pflugk, the last of which we have ourselves found specially helpful. The introduction to the present edition is commendably brief; yet it not only summarizes the plot, but also contrasts it and its treatment and motive agency with that of Sophocles in the *Trachinæ*, gives grounds for assigning to it a late date in the life of Euripides, and discovers in its treatment a purpose of explaining the connexion of the worship of Theseus and Heracles, in Attica and other parts of Greece, existing in his day. The editors further take notice of the religious (some would say irreligious) sentiments of Euripides, and his attacks on the popular legendary beliefs of the period, in the latter part of the play, where Theseus and Heracles discourse over the victims of the sudden frenzy of the latter, and the former prevails upon him to abandon his idea of suicide. Where Heracles says, or Euripides in his person,

δείρας γὰρ ὁ θεὸς, εἴπερ ἔστ' ὄντως θεός,
οὐδένος· ἀνδρῶν οὐδὲ δαίμωνι λόγος (1345-6)

we see the expression of the poet's later religious views, but no calling in question the existence of a Supreme Being. Generally the editors of the play for this series pave the student's way by adequate notes wherever they are wanted; but in the speeches to which we have referred we lack a note at *λαῖνοι αἱ ἑξοχώμασιν*, which may mean "temples," or "sepulchres," or "altar-tombs," and another in v. 1351, on *ἐγκατερίψω θάνατον*, which must mean, "I will bide my time for death and not hurry it on (by suicide)." On the other hand, the condensed note on v. 637 with reference to the connexion of the Chorus with the poet's old age, and the retrospect of his literary life, is very much to the purpose; and, on the whole, this volume, like those with which we have grouped it, speaks very well for modern Cambridge scholarship.

A HORRID GIRL.*

WITH a superficial appearance of freshness, this novel is substantially the same as many that have been already published. For the central figure we have that well-worn brusque, honest, faithful little girl who cries and laughs on the smallest provocation, endures indignities magnanimously, loves the hero in the frankest and most self-betraying manner possible long before he has declared his own mind, and who to the reader has the

* *A Horrid Girl*. A Novel. By the Author of "Margaret's Engagement." 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1876.

appearance of painful self-consciousness, but to the world in which she lives figures as an *ingénue* of the most charming naïveté. As the "horrid girl" of her present avatar, she is confessedly beautiful; and she knows that she is, and dwells much on her own charms. This is at all events a relief from the pictures drawn by those queer autobiographers who have been turning up at all corners during the late publishing season; funny little souls, who, odd in manner, untidy in dress, rumpled about the head, and with uncomfortably suggestive hands and feet, give one account of themselves while allowing another to appear from the mouths of their friends; creatures of glamour who live as if in a mist where nothing is seen for what it is, and they themselves are the most obscure of all.

The one new feature in *A Horrid Girl* is that the heroine swore lustily as a child, and even as a grown young lady indulges on occasions in language more vigorous than refined. She had learned this very extraordinary accomplishment when five years old on board ship. The woman who had charge of her—"the only female on board"—was dangerously ill, and the child was left "to the kindly, but rough, companionship of men who derived the greatest amusement from hearing me vent my childish anger in language which I had innocently learnt from them." After this initiatory voyage, she passes into the hands of her "granddad, whose heart was as warm as his temper, and whose ideas on the subject of education were peculiarly muddy, while his principles—well, I know nothing of his principles"—says Mary St. Felix, the "horrid girl" of this autobiography—"but his practice was not altogether commendable in encouraging his little grandchild—for he did not precisely teach her—to curse and swear as emphatically as he did himself." It may be imagined, then, with what consternation her governess and schoolfellows receive the first outflow of bad language from the little pupil of seven who has been sent to be trained into something practicable; and how of course the one wise and far-seeing little girl, a few years older, has the blessed influence accorded to love and wisdom, and all but cures her of the habit which no one else can break. This valuable friend is, however, "out of the picture." She is simply a certain Jenny to whom the "horrid girl" writes the history of her life in a series of letters—of itself the most artificial and tiresome method of narration that has ever been adopted.

Her childhood ended, Mary St. Felix is sent to a certain prim and starch Miss Sheldon, who has a deaf old mother, "a very old lady, very small, very withered, and always arrayed in a profusion of scarlet shawls and a turban," "as deaf as a post, with a strange kind of deafness, for she only hears what is said in a whisper. You may holla to her with all your might, and she seems conscious of no reverberation; but speak a yard or two off from her in a soft whisper, and she will startle you by a distinct and sensible reply. What an awkward companion she would be for two clandestine lovers," says this *ingénue* of seventeen and a half, whose mind indeed seems to run on lovers with a persistency which is both remarkable and unpleasant in so young a person. The other boarders at Miss, or rather Mrs., Sheldon's are a certain Bertha Vanston, of the angel type, in love with her blind French teacher, who also is in love with her; and presently a Miss Delmar, an Irish girl, of supreme importance in the story.

But before she arrives the "horrid girl" feels dull. First she drums the Battle of Prague on the window; then she speaks snappishly to the angel, whom she startles by a "shout of surprise" because she says that she cannot go out as she is expecting the Comte de Montreuil, her French master; after which she goes upstairs, looks at herself in the glass, admires her "bright colour," "dark hair and eyes," and "the arch *espèglerie* that one used to say played in every dimple of cheek and chin"; all of which charms are "admirably set off by the coquettish simplicity" of her blue and crimson hood. For the story is told in those days of our ladies' costume when they wore short and scanty dresses, low bodices, short waists, and sandalled shoes, which last circumstance the autobiographer forgets when she speaks of gazing pensively on the "pretty little boots" while watching under her eyelashes—"long eyelashes are very useful"—the approach of a stranger in the wood where she goes to "prowl." This is the manner in which she narrates her first meeting with the Comte de Montreuil, who, however, plays no noteworthy part in the drama so far as she is concerned:—

I became conscious of a step approaching somewhat uncertainly, as my quick ear detected—over the fallen leaves with which the paths were beginning to be thickly strewn.

I looked up, and beheld advancing towards me—oh! Gemini! A MAN! a man! a young man! and by his dress and carriage a gentleman!!

Never was sail more welcome to mariner shipwrecked on a desert isle! I could have fallen down on my knees, as Linneus did, when he saw the gorse in flower, and thanked heaven for the goodly sight! But I did not.

He took not the slightest notice of me, but came on, apparently tracing a path among the dead leaves with a walking stick. Nearer—nearer—(is the man dreaming, or mad?—surely he will not pass me)—so close I could almost touch him—without even looking up! Oh! I cannot stand that! I give a little cough, (very improper I know, but—) He started, stopped, and said in a pleasing voice, with a very slight foreign accent,

"Bertha, my child, are you there?"

"The exigencies of her forlorn situation" in having no lovers nor young men friends about the house induce her to reply, and she then learns that he is blind, and Bertha Vanston's French teacher. After which she sees a young fellow by the water-side pushing off a boat, and "balancing himself on his oar," whose sparkling black eyes are fixed on her. "Well, *this* one was not blind, at least!"

says Miss Mary, who forthwith speaks to him, and ends by jumping into the boat with him, after she has made a bad pun about hoping that it is less "holey" than a church.

The more important passages in the life of this very free and easy young lady begin when she and her two fellow-boarders—Bertha Vanston and Miss Delmar, who, at the first interview, tells her to call her "Ella," her name being Gabrielle, and calls her Mary—go to Forest Court, tenanted by a certain infamous Sir Locksley Waldron and his vulgar old stepmother, who had been a cook. Mary, by some odd arrangement, has to go three miles alone in her fly to a magnificent ball given by Sir Locksley and Lady Waldron. She is carefully dressed, and had a shell *aigrette* in her hair, which is built up into one of the structures familiar to us all as characteristic of the fashion of fifty years ago. The night is dark and raining in torrents; when suddenly the fly stops (she would have called it a coach), and she finds herself arrested by a postchaise with a wheel off, and one solitary passenger standing in the middle of the road. He, too, is bound for the ball at Forest Court, and after a little parley, during which the "horrid girl" finds out that he is a sailor, the coachman of her fly proposes to him to go inside; and this is the manner in which he enters and she receives him:—

In he leaped, flapping a cascade of raindrops from his soaking garments. Bang went the door, off went the coach, causing him to stagger; and flinging out his arm in the darkness to save himself, it came with a crushing effect full against the frail fabric that surmounted my charms, the crowning glory so carefully guarded from the lightest contact. My utter exasperation was far too great for the ordinary forms of reproach or lamentation. My access of childish fury found vent in the mode of which my maturer years had repented, and I muttered, in a low, but clearly articulate growl, a distinct, deep-mouthed, full-bodied,—

"CONFOUND YOU!"

It is odd what sins pious people sometimes allow themselves to commit, and what shameful falsehoods and meannesses your very frank and honest *ingénues* will stoop to on occasion. As Miss Delmar, who is the bad young woman of the narrative, is a hard rider and a great huntswoman, she is supposed to be capable of a mild oath in capitals; and Mary allows her companion, Captain Brancepeth, to believe that it was Miss Delmar who had welcomed his entrance in so peculiar a manner. He gives her plenty of opportunities to tell the truth; but this frank and honest soul refuses to profit by any of them, and maintains her mean and false silence throughout the main part of the story. This is the more remarkable, as she screens Gabrielle in a graver matter, when she finds out her intrigue with Sir Locksley, and is shot by her through the side and shoulder as a punishment for the "horrid girl's" childish masquerade of the Bleeding Nun, whereby she discovers this not very savoury affair between the host and his guest. This reticence does not seem to us natural to the character which Mary St. Felix tries to give of herself. Truth and honesty and courage, such as are ascribed to her, go all through the nature; they are not qualities put on according to circumstances, sometimes worn and sometimes laid aside. Loyalty can no more make itself treachery, truth falsehood, magnanimity meanness, than purity can become immodesty to-day and to-morrow go back to purity. And, granting even that fear and shame may for one moment overpower these characteristics of truth and loyalty, the next hour would readjust the balance, and see the confession of the fact. It would be morally impossible for a girl like Mary St. Felix to live for weeks and months with the consciousness of having told a cowardly lie against her companion. She must have cast off the burden and gone back to her better self long before the author has allowed her to do so.

The most graphic, but the most disagreeable, part of the book is where Miss Delmar horsewhips Sir Locksley in the hunting-field, because he has betrayed his intrigue with her to his guests and vowed that he would never marry her. But her reason given to the vulgar old stepmother is a rather odd commentary on Byron's "what they inflict they feel." "Forgive me—he has deceived me; he has maddened me; and—I loved him so!"

A side plot accompanies the ups and downs of love in this book; it relates to Mary's mother, on whose past reputation hangs the consent or refusal of Lady Brancepeth, the "sailor poet's" mother, to her son's marriage with the "horrid girl." For, among other things that are unlike her normal character, Mary reads a letter written by Captain Brancepeth to his mother, wherein she finds that she is "impossible" to the man whom she begins by swearing at and ends by loving. One of her father's wives had run away from him, and, as she knows nothing of a first marriage, she naturally concludes that this was her mother; but it was his first wife, not his second; and that first wife is the mother of Gabrielle Delmar, whom neither she nor her husband, Lord Desborough, will acknowledge. When this little mistake is cleared up, and Mary's lineage is shown to be spotless, her sailor poet comes to the front, and asks her to accept his love, she having meanwhile confessed, what he had known from the first, that it was herself and none other who said "Confound you" on that dark night; also that it was Gabrielle Delmar who shot her in the gallery to destroy the sole witness, as she believed, of her frailty.

The final meeting of the two lovers is execrable. She is "warbling" to herself, when a manly voice takes up the strain and adds a half-incorrect verse, to which Miss Mary calls out, "False, Captain Brancepeth! false in sentiment as in grammar to the good ship *Bay-Rose*!" and sings the verse as it should be said, or as she feels it. "I chanted in a note which was rather quavery and Mrs. Sheldonish." It comes about also that it was this very Captain Brancepeth who saved the "horrid girl" when she

was a child at sea and the ship took fire, which story she tells him in ignorance of his identity with her hero, who, she says, is the only man that she can ever love, and whom she met when she was five years old. He does not enlighten her till afterwards; but then reservations are the order of this story all through. We do not care much for this novel. It is amusing in parts, but the whole effect is what an American would call "slopped over." The workmanship wants care, neatness, revision; and, save that one circumstance of bad language, the heroine is but a new edition of a dozen predecessors, not one of whom is like life or able to interest us.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

v.

OF the making of many Christmas books there seems to be no end, but the limitations of time and space render it impossible to do justice to them all. We are therefore obliged to arrange the heaps of brightly coloured gifts into five or six categories, beginning with the more solid and original works in art and literature, then taking the volumes intended for girls and boys, then the picture books for children, the prettier and the less artistic, and, lastly, glancing at a large assortment of useful reprints.

Our *Holidays in the Scotch Islands* (Arthur à Becket and Linley Sambourne. Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.) is a rather amusing work. Mr. à Becket and Mr. Sambourne work together, like Mr. Hole and Mr. John Leech in the old Irish tour. The illustrations are lithographs, and so bring us a degree nearer to the artist than woodcuts can do. The frontispiece, a twilight scene in Skye, is a little heavy and black, and looks best, as indeed do all the drawings, when admired from some distance. The travellers went to Edinburgh by sea, and Mr. Sambourne sketched an "amorous Jew," and lamented the absence of M. Tissot, who would have found his favourite bluecoat boy and steamer combined on board the *Seven Stars*. Looking at the sketch of the bluecoat boy we also miss M. Tissot. As Mr. à Becket found Scotch railway officials civil and Scotch hotels cheap, we envy him such exceptional good fortune; unless, indeed, we should rather admire the cheerful spirit which is thankful for soda-water and brandy at—what we have found it cost—one shilling and threepence per glass. It is equally refreshing to learn that the children of the Scotch middle classes go barefoot. We may remark to Mr. Sambourne that the rocks on the shore of the Gair Loch do not wear shepherd tartan, or at least, if they do, the costume is a new thing in those parts.

Home Life in England (Virtue and Co.) is a series of engravings on steel from paintings by Collins, Constable, Cooper, Lee, Turner, Birket Foster, and others. The frontispiece, "Primrose Gatherers," by Mr. Birket Foster, is full of the sense of colour, and the figure of the brown girl swinging with one arm from a bough, and holding out a bunch of primroses to a plump, dancing little child, is full of life and grace. In the middle distance are the downs, and one can almost hear the bleat of sheep, carried up by the spring wind from the neighbouring sea. Constable's "Valley Farm" is scarcely so successful in reproducing the characteristic medley of blown trees, white clouds, blue sky, and flitting shadows. Turner's "On the Thames" is a fairly adequate rendering of a thoroughly English scene.

Old and New London, Vol. IV. (Edward Walford. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), is a compilation of all the stories, traditions, gossip, and memories that make the history and romance of the town, and at the same time a guide to modern streets, houses, and clubs. It is copiously illustrated, and every reader, whatever his taste, will find something to interest or instruct him. Here are pictures of Judge Jeffreys's house and of Colonel Blood's, of the book-room of the British Museum, and of the old tennis court in the Haymarket.

Painters of All Schools (Louis Viardot and other writers. Sampson Low and Co.) is almost an encyclopædia of painting. The illustrations begin with an engraving from a Pompeian design, and the letterpress carries us as far as John Leech. There are notices even of obscure men of obscure schools, and the illustrations are varied and characteristic. A good index makes the book helpful for reference; and it may be recommended as a handy and elegant guide to beginners in the study of the history of art.

Mr. E. W. Cooke, R.A., has published *Leaves from my Sketch-Book* (John Murray), in a handsome binding, of which the drawings are quite worthy. They are delicate in feeling, true, and careful; and will recall beautiful scenes and places of interest far more correctly than photographs can do. Dutch Schuits is a careful study of shipping; and the Nile-boat, with her huge white bellying sail, really walks the waters like a thing of life. The views of Nuremberg and Florence are specially happy, as are also the Ship of Æsculapius, Tiber, and the Ponte Quattro. We have had to notice no more charming gift-book than this.

The Stately Homes of England (L. Jewitt and S. C. Hall. Virtue and Co.) is worthy of its predecessors in this series. The "Retainers' Gallery" at Knole may be noticed as a picturesque design among many others.

In *Childhood a Hundred Years Ago* (S. Tytler. Marcus Ward and Co.) it is to be regretted that the thoughtful and sensible essays are accompanied by bright prints, in which Reynolds would scarcely have recognized imitations of his colouring.

Vanity Fair Album ("Vanity Fair" Office) contains the usual number of sketches of people notable or notorious. The Bravo

case is pretty well illustrated; many people will be glad to see portraits of Captain Burnaby and of Lieutenant Cameron; while the pictures and descriptions of other persons will no doubt amuse their friends. We confess that we fail to see the fun, or good taste, or, in one case, the truth, of some of the remarks in the letterpress.

In *Landseer's Dogs, and other Stories* (Marcus Ward and Co.), we prefer the tales by Miss Sarah Tytler to the brilliant chromolithographs, or chromographs, as they are called. The book is a very handsome one, and will soon be worn and dog-eared in the most complimentary way by the children who find it among their Christmas gifts.

Coming to less richly illustrated books, we have the rather boldly named *Wit and Pleasure* (Virtue and Co.), seven tales, of which we prefer Mrs. Caahel Hoey's Irish story; while there is a good deal of life in the dialogue of Mr. Yates's *Thoroughbred*. Mr. Knatchbull Hugessen gives us a short specimen of his sort of fairy tales, and there are some other slight essays in story-telling.

Carrots: Just a Little Boy (Ennis Graham. Macmillan) is a captivating story of a nice baby who grew up into a nice little boy. Mr. Crane's illustrations are very quaint and pretty. "When I'm a man," said Carrots, "I shall paddle *always*. I shall paddle in winter, too. When I'm a man I won't have no nurse." "Carrots," said Floss, reproachfully, "that isn't good of you; think how kind nurse is." "Well, then," replied Carrots, slowly, "I *will* have her, but she must let me paddle *always* when I'm a man." This is a fair example of the dialogue.

Three Years at Wolverton (A Wolvertonian. Marcus Ward and Co.) is the best purely boy's book we have seen since *Tom Brown*. It is written in a distinctly minor key, and the virtues and vices of schoolboys are not on the heroic level of the good ladies who will write about schools. When the narrator, called Dormouse because his name was Chambers, goes first to school, he warns a girlish new boy that "you don't talk about your mother, nor your sisters, nor right and wrong, nor reading your Bible, nor all that sort of thing." Thus the softer affections, morality, theology, and kindred subjects occupy little space in this amusing and good-humoured work, where even the bad boys are not monsters in human shape, and where even the good boys clothe their sentiments in natural, but somewhat too copious, slang. There is a capital cricket match, and a very good rival to our old friends of *Tom Brown* in "the Bear," an excellent fellow, who bowls "like a printed book" even when the victim of a sick headache, and who saves the life of a lad known to Wolverton as "that beast Poulter."

Boy Mill (Captain Rice. Hatchards) is a seafaring boy's book of some interest; and *From Cadet to Colonel* (Major-General Sir Thomas Seaton. Routledge and Sons), a lively narrative of soldiering adventures in the East, deserves a more detailed notice than we have space to give it.

The Adventures of Tom Hanson (F. Garside, M.A. S. Tinsley) will interest boys, in spite of the crudely coloured pictures; and *Harold's Choice* (M. L. Nesbitt. Houlston and Sons) will teach them lessons of perseverance.

Recent Polar Voyages (Nelson and Sons) is an opportune abridgment of the results of the expeditions from the time of the search after Franklin to the recent attempt to do without lime juice.

The fault of *He Would Be a Soldier* (R. M. Jephson. Richard Bentley and Son) is an eager straining after humour and funny effects.

The Rose in Bloom: a Sequel to Eight Cousins (L. M. Alcott. Sampson Low and Co.) will gratify the laudable curiosity of the many girlish readers of *Eight Cousins*. One is amused to find little Jamie, captain of the junior base-ball club, boasting that he and his friends "knock our teeth out, black our eyes, and split our fingers, just as well as the big fellows." America, by "expecting every man to do his duty on New Year's Eve," puts ruinous temptations in the path of one of Rose's lovers; but the young lady marries a poet at last—a more joyous bard, we trust, than most of the tearful Transatlantic rhymers.

Only a Dog (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday) and *Only a Cat* (Eliot Stock) are good little tales with a good object, that of showing how valuable is the friendship of animals, and how hateful is cruelty.

The Young Rajah and Twice Lost (Mr. Kingston. Nelson and Sons) are in this prolific author's usual style; one of them deals with India, one with Australia; while Mr. Ascot R. Hope's *The Pampas* (Nimmo) is all about South America. Mr. Hope says that the Pampas are not all "miles of gold and green" as the poet represents them. The book is quite on a level with the demands of Mr. Hope's public.

Fairy Land (From the German of Villamaria. Marcus Ward and Co.) is a nicely executed and pleasantly illustrated translation.

Reserving a vast number of little books for boys and girls to the inevitable catalogue in which all petty distinctions are lost, we have to mention several slight works on natural history. The most interesting, we think, and perhaps the most artistic, is Mr. C. H. Eden's *Home of the Wolverine and Beaver* (S.P.O.K.). Mr. Eden describes what few readers know much about, the various modes of capturing animals whose fur is an important article of commerce. He finds some of his materials in the always fresh *Astoria* of Washington Irving.

Talks with Uncle Richard about Wild Animals (Mrs. Cupples. Nelson and Sons) deals with a more mixed bag of game than Mr. Eden's book. Kangaroos, apes, wild pigs, antelopes, and

monkeys, are designed with a sufficiently light touch. The crab-eating opossum is a novel and amusing acquaintance.

Sea Birds (Elizabeth Surr. Nelson and Sons) has one of the most vivid and pleasing coloured prints, in the design of the stormy petrel, that we have ever seen. The albatross, though a stupid-looking fowl, has a really charming view of sea and sky behind him. The book is written in a style adapted to childish comprehension, and we congratulate artist and author on the result of their joint labours.

Natural History of the Bible (Nelson and Sons) treats the perplexing question of the Unicorn with great good sense. Students are referred to well-known representations of this interesting animal.

Lily's Screen (Mrs. Sale Barker. Routledge and Sons) gives a good deal of light information about beasts in a cheery conversational way.

Among picture-books, those by Walter Crane are out of sight the best. *King Luckieboy's Book* (Routledge) illustrates, with comic originality, the tale of the Little Pig who went to market, and all the cycle of little pigs. The story of Jack, who was carried off by a magpie, is a terrible warning to noisy little boys. The Four-and-twenty Blackbirds meet a very pretty maid; the Queen's dainty and almost sentimental languor, as she eats bread and butter, speaks ill for the domestic peace of the monarch, her husband. In a more refined style is the *Blue Beard* book. The tyrant has a lovely wife, his furniture would charm a collector, and his beard is not unbecoming. Sister Anne is dressed in the height of mediæval fashion, as indeed are all the characters in this alluring volume. The Three Bears, for example, have a charming little guest in pretty Silver Locks, and the linen and pottery in the bear's den do these animals great credit. *The Baby's Opera* requires a musical critic, but any one can admire the stately maidens, and the three ships that come sailing by.

Among other picture-books we have *Aunt Louisa's London Favourite* (Warne and Co.); *The Children's Wreath* (Nelson and Sons); *Good Things for Boys and Girls* (Strahan and Co.), the yearly volume of a juvenile magazine; *An Argive Hero* (A. H. Moxon), containing really charming classical designs by J. Moyr Smith, in illustration of Plutarch; *Little Lily's Picture-Book* (Nelson and Sons), *The Peep Show* (Strahan and Co.), both diverting and instructive, and full of illustrations in many styles; *Lily's Scrap-Book* (Mrs. Sale Barker. Routledge)—Lily is a fortunate girl; *Memoirs of a Poodle*, by the same author (Routledge), with copious drawings by Bayard; *Tom Thumb's Picture-Book* (Routledge), where the adventures of this Aryan hero are illustrated with much vivacity; *Uncle John's First Shipwreck* (Nimmo)—Uncle John could not long escape the notice of friendly mariners in his very gaudy attire; *Mamma's Stories* (Mrs. Cupples. Nelson and Sons), whence the young will learn that dogs have feelings; from the same publishers *Stories of the Dog* (Mrs. Hugh Miller), full of information about St. Bernards and other interesting canine varieties; *The Little Hunchback* (Countess de Ségur; translated by Clara Mulholland. Gill and Son, Dublin), a book of more importance, containing a story in which a wicked nurse gets a beating (in Wallachia) that confines her to the hospital for a month. We do not recommend this book, which seems to keep up the old savage justice of revenge.

Afloat and Ashore (Mrs. Hardy. Nimmo) is a really good book for boys, who can hardly be in better company than that of Sir Walter Raleigh, the hero whom Mrs. Hardy teaches them to care for.

Heroes of Ancient Greece (Ellen Palmer. Nimmo) is a fiction which illustrates "the position of the Church Expectant during the sway of Grecian art, heroism, and philosophy."

A Child's Corner Book, and *The Lucky Bag*, and *The Tower on the Tor* (Richard Rowe. Nimmo) may interest some children of a larger growth. A good deal may be learned from Mr. Eden's compilation, *India, Historical and Descriptive* (Marcus Ward and Co.) *Sacred Heroes and Martyrs* (Ward, Lock, and Co.) contains very copious histories of Moses and other worthies. *Mystical Flora*, of St. Francis de Sales (translated by Clara Mulholland. Gill and Son) tells us what happens when garlic is planted in a rose garden, and how vines set among olives acquire somewhat of the olive flavour.

Nellie's Teachers, and what they Learned (Kate Thorne. Nelson and Sons) is a book for girls. *Bread and Honey for Young People* (Mrs. Garrett. Routledge) is a little work on natural history. People who still yearn for pictures of the Prince of Wales in India will find them in *Shikaree and Tomasa* (W. Simpson. W. M. Thompson). *For Old Sake's Sake* (Stella Austin. Masters) is worthy of the author of *Stumps*, and of many other pleasing tales; and *Merry Sunbeams* (Ward and Lock) deserves its name for its bright and happy illustrations.

Among a crowd of reprints, whose mere titles would fill a page, we select an abridgment of Washington Irving's *Bracebridge Hall* (Macmillan), for the sake of Mr. Caldecott's drawings. White's *Selborne* (revised by J. E. Harting. Bickers and Son) is perhaps the best present that can be made to a country boy, unless Southey's *Life of Nelson* (same publishers) be thought equally worthy. Among books which appeal to boys, *Notes of Travel in Egypt and Nubia* (J. L. Stephens. Marcus Ward) ought not to have been omitted. Returning to reprints, we have (Marcus Ward) *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a neat and prettily illustrated edition; and (Routledge) *Household Tales and Fairy Stories*, *Minstrel Lore* (from La Motte Fouqué), and his *Thiodolf, the Iclander*, praised by Scott. *Fifty Bab Ballads* represent the fine flower of these

poems; and *The Book of the Thames* (S. C. Hall. Virtue and Co.) has reached a second edition, as also has *A Book of Memories* (the same author). *Peter Parley's Annual* still competes with Routledge's *Every Boy's Book* for the favour of the young, and the innocent strife impels writers and engravers to put forth their strength. In a story in the *Sunday at Home* (R.T.S.) one of the characters represents it as probable that a country doctor "would have examined poor Gyp's brain, perhaps, to see what made him so clever, sticking hot wires into it, or slicing it away piecemeal." We have a great respect for the *Sunday at Home*, and cannot help asking whether it is fair to put such suspicions of their doctors into the heads of country people. *The Lady's Treasure* (edited by Mrs. Warren. Bemrose and Sons) quite deserves its name, and contains, among other things, a well-written memoir of Mme. Sand and a sketch of Nohant. *The Leisure Hour* is constant to its motto, and still supplies "amusement and true knowledge." We have received specimens of the Diaries and Pocket-Books of Messrs. Letts, which in every way maintain their deserved reputation; and "*Marcus Ward's Indelible Concise Diary for 1877*" is a welcome renewal of an old acquaintance. Mr. Sulman also sends us a fragrant store of Christmas and New Year Cards, with ingenious designs printed in as many as thirteen colours. Mr. Punch, in his admirable *Pocket-Book*, has boldly continued the tale of the fortunes of Daniel Deronda in a manner that may cause the flippant to rejoice and make merry. The Christmas Number of *The Monthly Packet* will be welcome in some homes, and those of *The Graphic*, *The Illustrated London News*, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *Bow Bells*, and *The St. James's Magazine* in other homes. *Holy Christmas* (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.) shows by its title that the editors remember that Christmas has other than mirthful associations.

Messrs. Blackie and Son request us to mention that the volume of Mr. Wilson's *Poets and Poetry of Scotland*, which we noticed on the 9th instant, is the second volume of the work, and that the previous one (issued last year) contained a biographical notice of Walter Scott, with some selections from his works.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE late Austrian Consul-General, Dr. J. G. von Hahn*, well known in his lifetime as the collector and expounder of Albanian popular legends, has bequeathed a comprehensive work on the origin and philosophy of popular tradition in general. Like almost all recent investigators, he rejects the Euhemeristic theory which refers legends to the distorted recollections of the exploits of actual persons, and explains them as originating for the most part in anthropomorphic personifications of natural forces. Primitive man, incapable of abstract thought, is driven to clothe his conceptions of nature in imagery borrowed from his personal experience; hence the continual reproduction of human domestic relations among the personages of popular mythology. This view, it will be seen, accords in principle with that of the solar mythologists, while avoiding the inconvenience of referring well nigh the entire cycle of popular story to a single constituent of the groups of natural phenomena. Further, in Von Hahn's view, the processes of the formation of myth and of the formation of language are correlative, and the stability of language implies the cessation of myth. It hence ensues that all the myths of the Aryan race in Europe are imported, and existed in their present shapes before the race had quitted its original Asiatic abode. The *Iliad*, therefore, existed in substance before Troy, and has no historical relation to that city. On this point Von Hahn is accordingly in conflict with Dr. Schliemann, whose discoveries, which he did not live to see, will probably have the effect of rehabilitating ancient testimony to a great extent, and securing the partial recognition of the Euhemeristic theory as at all events indicating one element in the mythopoeic process. Von Hahn lays stress on the impossibility of the national Pantheon being represented in a national legend as divided against itself, although the difficulty is solved in the simplest manner by admitting the Greeks and Trojans to have worshipped the same deities. On the whole, the merit of the book consists less in its philosophy than in its copious and interesting parallels of Hellenic myths with the Teutonic, especially in the investigation of the numerous points of contact between the Homeric and Hesiodic poems and the Eddas.

Dr. G. Weber's memoir of the great historian Schlosser† is too discursive to be altogether satisfactory; a fault in some measure to be excused by the want of adequate material. Schlosser's life was singularly uneventful; the interest attaching to him, apart from his literary performances, arises from his strongly marked individuality, and the warmth of feeling displayed in his private correspondence. He was a man of powerful, but rugged and angular, character; magnanimous, haughty, full of prejudice, and carrying into the ordinary concerns of life the decision and ostentation so conspicuous in his Histories. He naturally made many enemies, and occupied an isolated and almost defiant position throughout his life. The annoyances incident to such a state of things were in a great degree mitigated by his cordial attachment to two admirable female friends, though even this was liable

* *Sagwissenschaftliche Studien*. Von Dr. J. G. von Hahn. Jena: Mauke. London: Williams & Norgate.

† F. C. Schlosser, *der Historiker*. *Erinnerungsblätter aus seinem Leben und Wirken*. Von Dr. Georg Weber. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

to interruption from his fastidiousness or caprice. His letters to these ladies form the most interesting part of Dr. Weber's volume; which also contains an appendix of essays by Schlosser not collected in his lifetime. A review of Mirabeau's memoirs is the most important.

Professor Kovalevsky*, a Russian political economist and patriot, is deeply impressed with the impending social crisis in his country, where the problem consequent upon the emancipation of the serfs, whether the existing community of land among villagers is to be maintained, or whether land is to become individual property as in the rest of Europe, presses urgently for solution. Weighty arguments may be adduced on either side of the question. One party points to the imperfect cultivation of the soil under the present system, and maintains that it will never be made duly productive until the owner has a more direct interest in the improvement of his property. The opposite school dreads above all things the creation of a servile and poverty-stricken proletariat. Professor Kovalevsky belongs to the latter party, and supports its views by an account, evincing immense industry and research, of the ancient arrangements for the administration of communal property in the Pays de Vaud, and of their gradual decay, to the great prejudice, as he considers, of the commonwealth. The weakest point of his case is his omission to face the fact that this decay is no isolated phenomenon, but one that has invariably attended the transition from a primitive to a complicated condition of society.

Professor Brentano† is acquiring a European reputation as the representative of the "academic socialists" of Germany, the party which endeavours in social questions to steer a middle course between the communistic demand for the sacrifice of individual rights and liberties to the general good and the unconditional advocacy of *laissez-faire*. His recent essay on the legal relations of operative and employer consists, in the first place, of an historical introduction tracing the growth and decay of the old protective system of guilds, and the rise of Trade-Unions as a substitute; of a review of the present condition of the labour question, and an investigation into the most promising means for its solution. For this he looks principally to the effect of combination among the workmen, and to the action of courts of conciliation. There is little in his recommendations that would appear novel in England; but they may be much needed in Germany, where, to judge from the general tenor of Professor Brentano's treatise, a feudal conception of the relation of employer and employed is still dominant. Herr Brentano is at pains to combat this by pointing out that, the workman's labour being, by the universal admission of economists, a commodity which he sells to his master, the latter stands to him in the relation of a customer. He disputes the existence of any determinate wages-fund inexorably limiting the workman's share in the profits of his labour, and considers that this participation will continue to augment, proportionately diminishing the employer's share of profit, in proportion to the artisan's own progress in enlightenment and self-restraint. Combination he regards as the instrument of this progress, arbitration as a necessary adjunct for reducing the perilous friction attendant on important changes. On the whole, his view of the social question is a cheerful one, and he refers with approbation to England as the country where it has made most progress towards a satisfactory settlement. He makes but slight reference to the least defensible feature of Trade-Unions, their tendency to limit the quantity and deteriorate the quality of work in the supposed interest of the producer.

A section of Professor Brentano's subject is treated much more copiously by Georg Schanz, in a volume on the history of German trade guilds of the middle ages. It contains, with other interesting matter, researches on the organization of eight distinct trades in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and a chapter on ecclesiastical guilds, with an extensive appendix of contemporary documents.

Professor Müller§ observes that the "Kulturkampf," as the struggle between the secular and ecclesiastical authorities is rather absurdly entitled in Germany, will be found to occupy the largest share of his political chronicle for the year 1875. He is as good as his word; German affairs occupy considerably more than half of a professed compendium of universal history; and everything German is viewed in its real or supposed connexion with this peculiar national institution of a "Kulturkampf." The affairs of other nations are treated much on the same system. France, as an obnoxious neighbour to Germany, is honoured with a fair amount of notice; while inoffensive England receives only four pages. If, however, this particular volume of Herr Müller's series is a mere delusion as regards its professed object, the fullness with which the religious disputes of Germany are treated renders it a useful book of reference on that particular point.

Something of an anti-Roman, though by no means of an anti-Catholic, tendency may be remarked in Dr. von Höfler's sketch of

the last Teutonic Pope, Adrian VI.*, in his relations to the German Emperor of his day. These were of a peculiarly intimate character, Adrian having been Charles's preceptor; and the moral of Dr. Höfler's essay seems to be that the secular and spiritual heads of the Christian world should always be Germans. It is, however, sufficiently evident that Adrian, a most conscientious man, found considerable difficulty in reconciling his duties as the head of Christianity with the political subservience demanded by Charles, and that the latter found it necessary to confirm his hold upon the Pope by bribing the members of his household. This is hardly the Catholic ideal; and it is significant that the only point on which the heads of Church and State were entirely agreed should have been the expulsion from Rome of the Jewish and Moorish fugitives to whom Alexander VI. had given an asylum.

Baron Friedrich August von Hardenberg†, a member of the same family as the illustrious Prussian Minister and as Novalis, successively served the Courts of Wurtemberg, Hesse-Cassel, and Hanover during the greater part of the eighteenth century. His biography is not especially interesting, but it contains some curious illustrations of the peculiarities of the petty German principalities of the period; the most entertaining part is perhaps his notes of travel in Italy, Germany, and England. He is astonished at the free association of all classes in the London Parks, describes the south of England as very scantily peopled, and echoes the usual complaints of foreigners on the monotony of English fare. His Ministry in Hesse fell during the Seven Years' War, and terminated by his disgrace upon his master changing sides.

The title of Professor Du Bois-Reymond's discourse on the anniversary of Leibnitz's birth‡ relates to the apologue of the dice with which the Abbé Galiani silenced the mechanical materialists of his day. "If," said the philosophers, "your dice always fall double six, the clear inference is that they are loaded." "Precisely," answered the Abbé, "and so are the dice of nature." Du Bois-Reymond seems to consider that the force of this illustration has been weakened by the Darwinian generalization, we do not very well understand why. If no variation can possibly establish itself except such as is conducive to the preservation of the individual and the further development of the species, it would rather seem that Nature's dice must be loaded very efficiently.

A melancholy interest attaches to Herr Rathgeber's diligent enumeration of the manuscript treasures of the Strasburg Library§, destroyed in the recent bombardment. They are enumerated chronologically, in the order of their acquisition, and particulars respecting their history are added when practicable. An appendix contains several documents of interest, including the original statutes of the Library.

A history of modern Greek literature, by Dr. R. Nicolai||, supplies an unquestionable want in an unfortunately dry and unattractive fashion. The work is, indeed, rather a catalogue than a history; while at the same time it is fair to admit that the lack of unity of subject, and the general barrenness of Romaine literature until late years, must in any case have rendered the historian's task a difficult one. Herr Nicolai's plan has not allowed him to enliven his pages with extracts, in the absence of which it is difficult to arrive at any accurate conclusion respecting the merits of the authors he passes in review, apart from the unquestionable testimony they offer to the existence of a highly important poetical, historical, philological, and archæological revival among their countrymen. The chief value of his book is as a repertory of information respecting writers uninteresting perhaps in themselves, but important as representatives of this national resurrection, and as a careful compendium of the ascertainable particulars respecting the obscure period of suspended animation from the taking of Constantinople to the middle of the eighteenth century.

A little volume, comprising sketches of some modern German artists, by F. Pecht¶, deserves commendation as pleasant and at the same time instructive reading. The most important of the artists of established reputation treated in it are Cornelius and Rietschel the sculptor; of less known men, Anselm Feuerbach, now in the full career of success as a painter of historical subjects at Vienna, and Preller, whose name is indissolubly associated with the Odyssey.

The performance of Wagner's operas at Bayreuth** has evoked a host of comments and pamphlets pro and con, out of which we may select as typical specimens Dr. Mohr's rather trimming review, and Herr von Wolzogen's hearty anathemas upon dissentient critics.

* *Der deutsche Kaiser und der letzte deutsche Papst: Karl V. und Adrian VI.* Von Dr. Constantin von Höfler. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Ein kleinstaatlicher Minister des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts. Leben und Wirken Friedrich August's, Freiherrn von Hardenberg.* Herausgegeben von einem Mitgliede der Familie. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Darwin versus Galiani.* Rede, gehalten von Emil Du Bois-Reymond. Berlin: Hirschwald. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die handschriftlichen Schätze der früheren Strassburger Stadtbibliothek.* Von J. Rathgeber. Gütersloh: Bertelsmann. London: Trübner.

|| *Geschichte der neugriechischen Literatur.* Von Dr. R. Nicolai. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Deutsche Künstler des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts. Studien und Erinnerungen.* Von F. Pecht. Erste Reihe. Nördlingen: Beck. London: Asher & Co.

** *Richard Wagner und das Kunstwerk der Zukunft.* Von Dr. W. Mohr. Köln: Du Mont-Schauburg. London: Asher & Co.

Die Tragödie in Bayreuth und ihr Satyrspiel. Von Hans von Wolzogen. Leipzig: Schloemp. London: Asher & Co.

* *Umriss einer Geschichte der Zerstückelung der Feldgemeinschaft im Kanton Waadt.* Von Maximus Kovalevsky. Zürich: Schmidt. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Das Arbeitsverhältniss gemäss dem heutigen Recht. Geschichtliche und ökonomische Studien.* Von Lujo Brentano. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Zur Geschichte der deutschen Gesellen-Verbände im Mittelalter.* Von Georg Schanz. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Politische Geschichte der Gegenwart.* Von Wilhelm Müller. Bd. ix. Das Jahr 1875. Berlin: Springer. London: Williams & Norgate.

The November number of the *Rundschau** is signalized by the reappearance of Gottfried Keller, the Swiss novelist, whose *Leute von Seldwyla* includes some of the most striking short stories in modern German fiction. The commencement of his "Zürich Novelles" in the present number is very promising, but proves to be merely the introduction to an historical tale, where he does not appear equally at home. Julian Schmidt has not succeeded in finding much that is novel to say about George Sand, nor is the undertaking easy. L. Friedländer's essay on Kant as a politician presents many features of interest. Kant's enthusiastic admiration of Rousseau should modify the current estimate of his character, as should also the cordial welcome which he gave to the French Revolution, notwithstanding his theoretical disbelief in the perfectibility of human nature. L. Bamberger, in an essay on the fall in the value of silver, maintains that the depreciation will be permanent, and that the Latin union will eventually be driven to adopt a gold standard.

An excellent selection from Goethe's prose, accompanied by judicious notes, and admirably calculated for a German reading-book, has been added to Low's series, by Dr. Buchheim.† The selections are principally made from the *Italian Travels* and *Dichtung und Wahrheit*.

THE WITNESS OF ART.

IN our extracts from this book, contained in our notice of December 9, some printer's errors unfortunately occurred, two of which we corrected last week. To prevent misconception, and at the wish of Mr. Wyke Bayliss, we reprint *in extenso* the following passage from his book, to the effect of which he believes injustice to have been done:—

I am not speaking from any theological sentiment. I do not so much as touch the religious element of the question. I am speaking simply as an Artist on a matter of taste. Whether it be true that "as a morning cloud they melt into the azure of the past," or whether—

There, by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them they slumber—

in either case alike, it is not for Art to drag forth the poor limbs and assault the memory of the soul with foolish gibes. The Use of the Supernatural is legitimate in Art; but Art should touch nothing except to ennoble or refine. And before all things Art should not be unclean. Its pinions were not given that it might stoop to carrion, nor its eagle glance except that it might behold the sun. Let its flight then be as that of the eagle. When the landscape lies in darkness there is still a light upon his wings. Look up, they are crimson with the glory of the sunset. But as a vulture, never! It is not for his brood to see the Invisible—his eye is upon the carcase. His wings also are red, but not with the crimson of the setting sun. Look! they are red with blood.

* *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 3. Hft. 2. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

† *Buchheim's deutsche Prosa*. Vol. 2. Goethe's Prosa. Von C. A. Buchheim. London: Sampson Low & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Prospects of the Conference. The French Ministry. President Grant's Message. The French Debate on the Salt-Tax. The South-Eastern and Chatham Amalgamation. Barbadoes. Fires in Theatres.

The Tomb of Agamemnon. Hunting. High Roman Ritual. On Board a P. and O. St. Werburgh's, Bristol. Baron von Palm's Incineration. The Pope's Letter on the Vatican Decrees. The Horticultural Gardens. The Theatres.

Mason's Persecution of Diocletian. English Thought in the Eighteenth Century—II. Old New Zealand. Wives, Mothers, and Sisters in the Olden Time. Classical Texts and Notes. A Horrid Girl. Christmas Books—V. German Literature.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,103, DECEMBER 16, 1876:

The Conference—Sir Stafford Northcote at Barnstaple—The New French Ministry—The St. James's Hall Agitators—The French Budget—America—The Arctic Expedition—Poor Law Administration—The South Kensington Crisis.

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Campbell's Handy Book of the Eastern Question—English Thought in the Eighteenth Century—Charles Kingsley—Stephen's Memorials of Chichester—The University of Paris in the Middle Ages—Our Trip to Burmah—Fallen Fortunes—Christmas Books. IV.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM.—In future, the BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED for the purposes of Cleaning, &c., during the first Week in February, the first Week in May, and the first Week in October, instead of, as hitherto, during the first Week in January, May, and September.

British Museum, December 9, 1876. J. WINTER JONES, Principal Librarian.

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CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY'S SCHOOL of PRACTICAL ENGINEERING.—Principal, Mr. J. W. WILSON, Assoc. Inst. C.E. The NEXT TERM will open on Monday, January 8. Regulations and other information as to the Institution can be obtained on application in Office of the Crystal Palace Company's School of Art, Science, and Literature, in the Library, next Byzantine Court, Crystal Palace.

By Order of the Committee,

F. K. J. SHENTON, Superintendent Literary Department.

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Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by DAVID JONES, at the Office, No. 35 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, December 23, 1876.